The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The March Bookman will be a FitzGerald Centenary Number, and will contain a special illustrated article on Edward FitzGerald by Arthur C. Benson.

The contents of the March Bookman will also include an important article on "Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters," by Hector Macpherson; a "Bookman Gallery" article on John Masefield, by Ashley Gibson.

The axiom concerning great men's sons does not hold good in the case of Darwin; four surviving sons of his are men of eminence. Sir George Howard Darwin, K.C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., is Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge, and has made valuable discoveries in meteorological science. Mr. Francis Darwin, who is a doctor of medicine and a distinguished botanist, has been Foreign Secretary of the Royal Society since 1903; he was his father's assistant at Down, and after the latter's death, wrote a Life of him and edited his letters. Major Leonard Darwin was on the Staff Intelligence Department of the War Office; he served on several scientific expeditions, and after retiring from the Royal Engineers, sat as M.P. for Lichfield. He has written books on "Bimetallism" and on "Municipal Trade." Mr. Horace Darwin is chairman of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, and an ex-Mayor of Cambridge.

An interesting literary event of this month is the Tercentenary of Sir John Suckling, who was born early in February, 1609. Handsome, witty, profligate; soldier, courtier and poet, Sir John fought under Gustavus Adolphus through some months of the Thirty Years' War, and was afterwards one of the most brilliant figures at the Court of Charles I. A gentleman of fortune, he raised a troop of horse in the King's service, but being involved in a conspiracy to rescue Strafford from the Tower, he fled to Paris and there, exiled and hampered by poverty, ended his life with poison at the age of thirty-four.

Suckling is one of the gayest and most daintily fanciful of that glorious company of Jacobean lyrists that includes Lovelace, Carew, Waller, and Herrick. Except for an occasional exquisite line,

his plays are very dead reading, and of his small sheaf of poems probably the most popular is the ballad "Upon a Wedding," with its familiar, careless opening,

"I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,"

and its haunting, much-quoted verses describing the bride:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight. . . .

"Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July."

This, indeed, and some three or four easy, airy, witty songs—"The Constant Lover," for one; "The Remonstrance" ("Why so pale and wan, fond lover?") for another—make up his entire passport to immortality. It has brought him safely down to us through the dust and changes of three hundred years, and keeps him still in the enjoyment of what some one (wasn't it Ben Jonson?) has called

"great glory, but not broad."

Mr. Edward Clodd, who has written our Centenary article on Darwin, has in preparation a book on

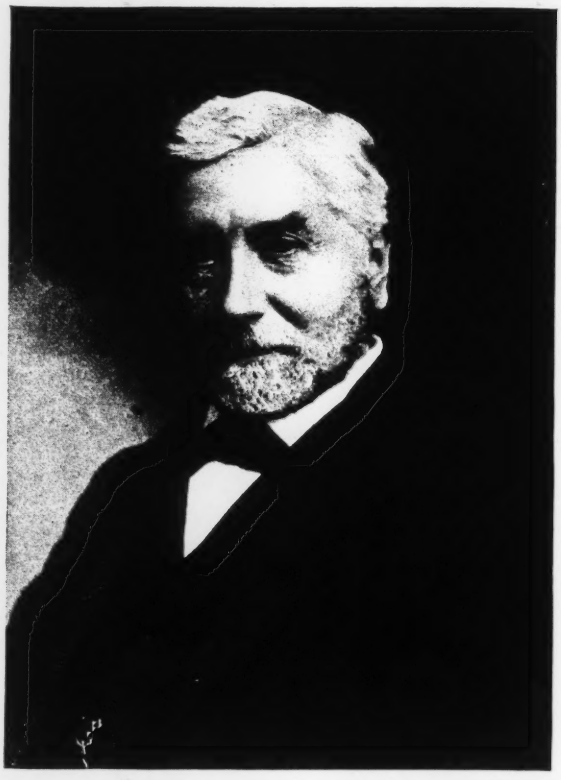


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Edward Clodd.**

"Pre-animistic Stages in Religion," which will be an enlargement of a paper read by him at the recent Congress on Religion at Oxford. He has also undertaken to contribute to Messrs. Constable's "Philosophies Ancient and Modern" Series a volume on "Lucretius and Modern Science."

Mr. Vincent Brown's new novel, "Magnificat," is said to be one of the most unusual and surprising stories issued since he himself published "A Magdalen's Husband." It deals in a romantic and idealistic fashion with the good and inspiring influence exercised among a company of young men in a London boarding-house by the presence there of a domestic servant of a wonderfully beautiful character. Mr. Brown has sometimes been criticised as a realist: this story, however, is pure idealism.

Miss A. E. Jacomb, the winner of the two hundred and fifty guinea prize in Mr. Melrose's First Novel Competition, is a Londoner by birth, and until recently had lived all her life in town. She studied Art under Professor Fred Brown at South Kensington, has done some journalism, and written a few short stories, but no complete novel until she wrote "The Faith of his Fathers."

Photo by W. Avenell & Co., Brighton. **Mr. Vincent Brown.**

Photo by Harrod's Ltd., Brompton Road, S.W.

Miss A. E. Jacomb.

Author of "The Faith of his Fathers." (Melrose.)

Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, who was the first editor of the *Windsor*, has been appointed editor of *Cassell's Magazine*.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney has taken a little cottage, "a sort of toy, and second home," as she calls it, at St. Ives in Cornwall, and this is how it comes about that her new novel, "Rachel Lorian," has a Cornish setting. Later in the year Mrs. Dudeney is publishing a volume of short stories, one of which has already appeared in the *Fortnightly*, and all the others in *Harper's*, *Putnam's*, and other of the American magazines.

The executors of Sardou have found four, until now unpublished, plays amongst his papers. One of them is a four-act play written in collaboration with Ange Galdemar for a London theatre. The other three consist of the libretto for a comic opera entitled "The Feast on the Nile," a dramatic comedy in four acts, and "Madame Tallien," a tragedy in five acts. All these three works, of which the first will be produced during the present year, were written in collaboration with Emile Moreau.

Mr. Laurence Housman is at work on a novel of modern life in a small provincial town, and hopes to have it finished in time for publication this autumn.

Although Mr. Philip Gibbs has published nine books, the chief business of his life is journalism; he has done admirable work as a journalist for several of the London dailies and says that book-making has been merely a hobby with him, and he has found it an unprofitable one. His new book, "A King's Favourite," deals with the love story of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. He throws a deal of new light on the character of Carr, whose biography has never before been written. Mr. Gibbs has another historical work in hand, and in the meantime has nearly finished his second novel, which he is calling "The Street of Adventure."

"The Little Company of Ruth" is the title of a new novel that Mrs. Lee-Hamilton (Annie E. Holdsworth) has lately completed. Her just-published book, "Lady Letty Brandon," is meeting with a very favourable reception. It is interesting to know that Mrs. Lee-Hamilton discussed the plot of this story with William Sharp about a month before his death, and he told her he thought it would be almost impossible for her to construct

Mr. Philip Gibbs.

From the painting by Alfred Priest, exhibited at the Portrait Painters' Exhibition, New Gallery, 1908.

Photo by Schemboche, Florence. **Miss Annie Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton).**

such a plot as she had in mind. "I have done it, however," she says, "and you have it in 'Lady Letty Brandon.'"

But Mrs. Lee-Hamilton is more concerned at present with the issue of her husband's sonnets, "Mimma Bella"—his last work. They form an elegy on the little daughter whose loss gave him his death-blow. The sonnets appeared last year in the *Fortnightly*, and are to be published now by Mr. Heinemann, with a biographical sketch, and a portrait of the author that was taken on his death-bed.

Turning from tragic themes, such as he handled so powerfully in "The Taskmaster," in "Seth of the Cross," and in "The Sacrifice," Mr. Alphonse Courlander is writing a new novel that is intended only to amuse—a story that is part fantastic, part sentimental, and just a little sad now and again. He is calling it "Henry in Search of a Wife."

Mr. Lewis Melville, who is engaged on a new Life of Thackeray, is gathering material for a biography of "Vathek" Beckford. "I have obtained permission to examine those letters and papers that are in the possession of William Beckford's descendants," he writes, "but there must be in existence other letters written by him, and I should be grateful if the owners would allow me to see them. They should be sent to me, care of Messrs. Curtis Brown & Massie, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. The greatest care would be taken of the correspondence, which would be returned as soon as it had been copied."

"The Ways of Men" is Mr. Herbert Flowerdew's eighth book; he has written also several serials and is one of the most popular writers of short stories for the magazines. Yet he says that if he could have his own way he would abandon writing and devote his life to experimenting with aeroplanes. He has so far humoured his bent that he has found time to invent various mechanical toys, two of which are on the market and selling satisfactorily.

The photograph of Darwin on p. 214 is the copyright of Mr. John Murray, with whose kind permission we reproduce it. For permission to make use of other illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. George Allen & Sons, Messrs. Smith, Elder, Messrs. Pitman, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Macmillan, and Messrs. Putnam's.

Mr. Justus Miles Forman.

A hitherto unpublished portrait of the author of "The Garden of Lies," whose new novel is now running as a serial in the *Windsor Magazine*.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *January* 20, 1909.

A STRIKING contrast met the eyes of any one who left London, as I did, at the conclusion of what some people pronounced to be the worst publishing season in thirty years, to come to New York, where the book trade, during the period following the Presidential election, was, if not brisk, at any rate far from moribund. To say good-bye in London to a set of dismal-visaged English publishers, booksellers, and authors, and to be greeted at New York by the smiling faces of their American brothers of the pen and the ledger, could not but remind one of the pictures that manufacturers of patent medicines use to advertise their wares. These pictures are in pairs, showing, one a despairing invalid, and the other the same man after his cure has been established and his spirits restored by Somebody-or-Other's Pills or Powders. Under the pictures are printed the legend "Before and After," and such is one's comment when one observes the contrast of which I have spoken between England and America.

Yet the American publisher has his troubles too, even if they are less black than those of the Englishman. His publishing season has been far from the best imaginable; and, moreover, he has suffered considerably on account of the depression in England, just as the English book-producer (whether author or publisher) suffered during the time of the American financial panic.

American authors I find full of complaints. "English people are not buying my books at all these days," they tell me mournfully; and I hear at first hand that even that writer to whom, of all Americans, English folk are most attached, has expressed himself as not altogether pleased with England's book trade of last autumn.

But there are few American authors, after all, to whom the English publishing conditions make any real difference. Socially England has been very kind to America, but she has shown something less of hospitality toward America's authors, and some few alone (I mean amongst novelists) have won in England a real and lasting popularity.

Amongst these few, Kate Douglas Wiggin certainly holds a place, as the author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and the various "Penelope" books. In private life Kate Douglas Wiggin is called Mrs. Riggs. This name, by the way, has caused a good deal of confusion since "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was written. Certainly, to distinguish between the two personalities that are connected with the name Riggs and Wiggs, and Wiggs and Wiggin, is not easy to the uninitiated. It is no wonder, therefore, that even newspapers and speakers at public gatherings have over and over confused the author of "Penelope" with the Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice who created Mrs. Wiggs, and is now, I believe, about to introduce us through the *Century Magazine* to a new and quaint character called Mr. Opp.

I called on Mrs. Riggs yesterday in her flat near Central Park, and found her just such a gracious and likeable person as all children who have pored over her stories would wish to picture her. Of late she has not written very much because of another and a new activity of hers, an activity which she is unpatriotic enough to disclose to readers of THE BOOKMAN before she speaks of it to her fellow country people. This is the writing of her first play, which is founded on her "Rebecca" books ("Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "New Chronicles of Rebecca").

Aside from this play, Mrs. Riggs has also been writing something more about that character which has by this time become so closely associated with her name that many of her friends call her "Penelope." This new story is called "Penelope in Venice," and will appear in the March *Century*, running for only one month. She has also written a tale of Shaker life, called by the attractive title "Susannah and Sue," which will commence serial publication here in the spring, in the *Woman's Home Companion*, and will appear as a book in the autumn over Houghton Mifflin's imprint.

The only new work she is planning is a book for girls, though grown people will read it too, no doubt. It will picture the problem that meets girls who live in little country towns and suffer from the devastating dullness of village life, only to go to the city and find that conditions there are also far from ideal. As yet this book has no title.

So, taken all in all, Mrs. Riggs is treating her book public with generosity despite her début as a dramatist. She tells me, however, that she is a firm believer that an author should not write too much. This restraint is, of course, for the best artistically, and it is also, she thinks, for the best commercially.

We spoke of this point, and I raised the objection that he who wrote little was likely to have empty pockets.

"But," said she, "the less I write the more I make. If I had written everything that was suggested to me and everything which I could have found editors and publishers ready to print, I am certain my pockets would have far less in them now than they have as things are.

"Indeed," she went on, "I told a publisher the other day that, since the less I write the more I make, the only logical conclusion would be, that if I wrote nothing, I should become a literary multi-millionaire."

But it must not be supposed that such a sordid theory as this carries weight with Mrs. Riggs. If her literary output is not over-large, it is because, in her own words, "She finds living more fun than writing ever could be."

Another American writer who has an especial interest for English readers is Owen Wister. His "Virginian" deserves a place amongst that small, distinguished band of fictional characters whose chief is Sherlock Holmes. I mean characters who, by their reality and charm, have secured in the hearts of readers a place as actual as that of any flesh-and-blood acquaintance. Mr. Wister writes me from Philadelphia, which is his birthplace and his home, to tell me that he is at present engaged on a series of short stories, clustered about the character of Scipio le Moyne, who, as every one who read the story will remember, was a confrère of the Virginian's. Owen Wister is not known alone as a writer of romance, however. He has written two noteworthy biographies, one a few years ago of U. S. Grant, the other more recently, called "The Seven Ages of Washington." Mr. Wister tells me he has in consideration further biographies to follow these two books.

Few literary women have been so beloved as was the late Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and I am glad to hear that her biography is in the sympathetic hands of her friend Miss Lilian Whiting, herself a well-known writer.

"Mrs. Moulton's literary life," Miss Whiting writes me from Boston, "focussed far more in London than here. Among her great friends—from nearly all of whom I am receiving letters—are Coulson Kernahan, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Lady Wynford, and Archdeacon Wilberforce; while Wilkie Collins, William Sharp, and many others now dead were also dear friends of hers. I shall go to London to complete the book, which is to be ready by July 1. . . . I aim to make the biography of Mrs. Moulton reflect somewhat the literary panorama and conditions of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which included her most active literary life. She was, as you know, in touch with every one on both sides of the Atlantic."

The man who ventures the remark that "there is no money in poetry" can lay claim to little more originality than can he who points out to us, when each December comes around, that "the days are growing shorter." Both these truisms are what the American humorist Gelett Burgess calls "bromides"—*i.e.* the quintessence of triteness. Poetry certainly does not pay. It is a striking fact, however, that in America it seems to pay better than in England. The unknown minor poet starves, of course, whether he lives in the land of good roast beef or in the land of the buckwheat cake, but when it comes to the well-known poet it would seem that he fares more sumptuously here. For example, one can think offhand of half a dozen American verse writers who must be able to lay up by their yearly writings a sum that could pile up a stack of buckwheat cakes as high as St. Paul's. In England I do not imagine there are more than one or two versifiers who can, by verse alone, gain even a decent livelihood.

Amongst America's prosperous verse-writers there will, in the eyes both of Americans and of those English folk who are familiar with American authors, stand out prominently the name of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Probably Mrs. Wilcox, by her simple and emotional verses, has influenced as large a public as any writer in the States. Better-class readers have admired her, but her widest appeal has been made to people to whom books and literature are usually matters of little concern—and perhaps this is the finest public one could, as a writer, ask for. As an instance of this wideness of appeal, I may mention an incident which a lady of my acquaintance told me the other day. She was talking with her sempstress, an almost illiterate woman whose life had been one of many misfortunes. "I don't know," said the sempstress, "how I could have borne all my troubles if it hadn't have been for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful poems. They've helped me more than anything or any person I've ever known in all my life." This tribute, despite of—indeed perhaps because of—the humbleness of its origin, is one well worth having.

Mrs. Wilcox, whom I saw in New York this week just previous to her departure for the island of Jamaica—which is one of America's several Rivieras—tells me she is considering taking up a new kind of writing. What she proposes to do is to write a travel-book, a volume about the West Indies. This does not mean, however, that she will in any way relinquish verse-writing. Indeed, a volume entitled "Poems of Progress" is just about to be published in her name.

Another of Mrs. Wilcox's plans is to go to London next July to be hostess for America at the international anti-vivisection congress, which will be held in July. Like "Ouida," Mrs. Wilcox holds animals very close to her heart.

Mr. Harold Gorst has just arrived in New York. I understand his main purpose in coming was to deliver lectures. One which he will give before long at a New York theatre, and to which I look forward very much, will be about "The Curse of Education." Those whose school-days are not too far behind them will, in good part, join with me in the thrill of approval with which they hear this title. To speak generally on the subject of education would take me beyond both my powers and my space, but I do not hesitate to express unqualifiedly my opinion that crabbed lips never framed a more indubitable lie for the deceit of youthful ears than when they uttered the words, "Your school-days are the happiest."

GALBRAITH.

THE READER.

CHARLES DARWIN.

By Edward Clodd.

THE glory of the few to whom achievement has come should not eclipse their forerunners to whom the noble tribute of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is applicable: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them." Among these are the Ionian philosophers, whose speculations, now two thousand four hundred years old, and "cast into outer darkness during the millennium of theological scholasticism," were brought into the light and had their fruition in certainties arrived at within the last half-century.

Already, at the time of Darwin's birth, the scientific atmosphere was becoming charged with elements of change whereby beliefs long unchallenged were to pass away, new conceptions, based upon demonstrated truth, taking their place. The evidence of the spectroscope as to the chemical identity of the solar and other stellar systems; the proofs of an ordered succession of ancient life-forms, and of unbroken continuity between them and recent plants and animals — these, to name no other witnesses, paved the way for conceptions combining all things, living and not-living, under the term Universe, *i.e.* the turning of the many into one; the Greek *to pan*: the All. Hence, Darwin came into a world in large degree prepared for the solution of a problem, that of the origin of species, which had attracted the ironic Buffon, the orthodox Cuvier, the courageous Lamarck, and, among Darwin's contemporaries, Hooker, Huxley, and Spencer; to all of whom the obvious resemblances in structure and function between organisms had suggested doubts as to their independent creation.

After the painting by the Hon. John Collier. **Charles Darwin.**

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809. His father was a doctor of some scientific repute; his mother, who died when he was barely nine, was a daughter of Wedgwood, the famous potter; his grandfather was the poet-biologist Erasmus Darwin, whose "Loves of the Plants" was parodied in the *Anti-Jacobin* under the title of "Loves of the Triangles," and in whose prose treatise, "Zoonomia," there are forecasts of theories of development and of the doctrine of heredity. Passing from the grammar school of his native town to Edinburgh University, he decided that medicine was not his forte, neither was he inclined to accede to his father's wish that he should enter the Church. It may be remembered, in passing, that a phrenologist, in examining the youthful Herbert Spencer's skull, divined therefrom his fitness for holy orders! Darwin's next move was to Cambridge, where he found redemption from the follies of youth—card-playing and drinking—in the sobrieties of science, the love of which, latent in his blood, needed only the opportunity for its exercise. Fortunate in his tutors and his friendships, he won quick repute as well equipped in

Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

Darwin's Birthplace, Shrewsbury.

geology and natural history, with the result that, in his twenty-third year, he was recommended by Professor Henslow as volunteer naturalist of the *Beagle*, in which ship he sailed round the world, the voyage occupying from October, 1831, to December, 1836. His narrative of this cruise is in the front rank among travel-records, but its allusions to species show that he was still feeling his way towards belief in their mutability. Two or three more years were to pass before conviction came, because any workable theory was lacking. The suggestion which led to this was supplied by a parson. In 1838, Darwin tells us, he took up "for amusement" the Rev. Thomas Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population," wherein is shown that the means of existence do not increase in the same ratio as the number of mouths, and, therefore, that in the inevitably resulting struggle for life, the weakest go to the wall. Consequently, a check is imposed on the increase.

Here was the key unlocking the problem, a key, by an odd coincidence, also used by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the surviving co-formulator of the theory of Natural Selection, who, during his sojourn at Ternate, in the Malay Archipelago, was led "to think of positive checks" by reading Malthus. The theory was applied to the whole organic kingdom. Everything therein varies; the saying, "as like as two peas," is true only superficially. And whatever plant or animal possesses a favourable variation is to that extent better equipped for success in the struggle for existence, that war in which there is "no discharge." It is on these variations, the causes of which are obscure, that natural selection acts in the production of species, which, it is needful to remark, remain constant so long as the balance between themselves and their surroundings is undisturbed. For the keynote of evolution is adaptation, not ceaseless change in the organism, whereby it becomes something else. Here, there is no need for other than brief reference to the story how Darwin, having written an outline of his theory, named the matter to two or three select friends, and then patiently collected material for confirmation or otherwise of what was more or less speculative, was startled by receiving in June, 1858, a manuscript from Dr. Wallace, which contained his own theory, stated in terms almost identical with those used by himself. There was now nothing to be done but to make the matter public, and at a meeting of the Linnean Society an abstract of Darwin's manuscript, together with Dr. Wallace's paper, was read to an audience less excited than, under the novel circumstances, might have been expected. But there was no lack of excitement when, fifteen months later, "The Origin of Species" was published. Sir Joseph Hooker (still with us, a vigorous nonagenarian) was an early convert, and, to his credit, the late Canon Tristram appeared in enviable contrast

Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

The Old School, Shrewsbury, with the Statue of Darwin before it.

This is the school which Darwin attended. It is now a Museum and Library.

An early portrait of Darwin.
After J. H. Maguire.

to the clerics of that time as among the first to accept Darwin's theory. Lyell rejected it, because he saw that its application to man was inevitable; Adam Sedgwick pronounced it "false and mischievous," but charitably hoped "to meet" its author "in heaven"; Whewell would not give the book a place on the shelves of Trinity College Library; Owen inspired Bishop Wilberforce in an onslaught in the *Quarterly Review*, wherein the theory was denounced as "incompatible with the Word of God" and an appeal made to Lyell "to shatter its flimsy speculations"; the *Athenæum* attacked it, and the *Daily Telegraph* urged the electors of Southwark not to return Professor Fawcett to Parliament, because he had reviewed "The Origin of Species" favourably in *Macmillan's Magazine*! To recite these things is to remind us how far we have travelled since 1859.

Briefly noting that Darwin married his first cousin in 1839 (the prejudice against such unions has no warrant where there is a clean bill of health on both sides) and that, three years after, he removed from London to Down, a village in Kent, where he lived until his death in April, 1882, we may pass to follow the fortunes of the theory which bears his name and gives it a foremost place in the annals of the mighty dead.

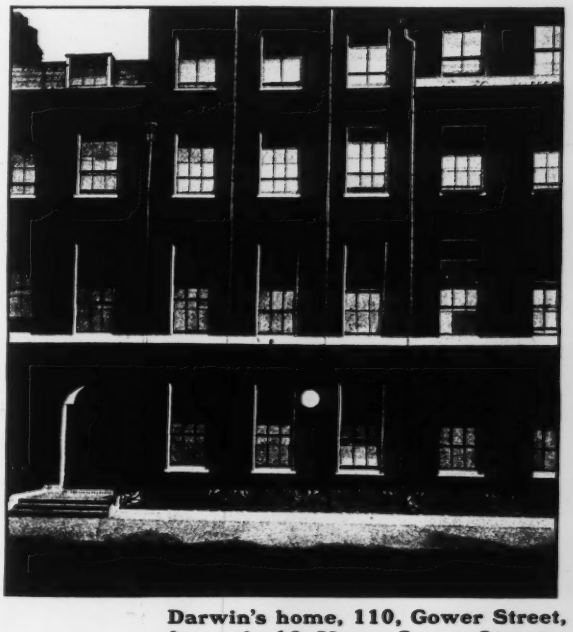
With some prevision as to the reception with which that theory might meet, he had only hinted in a passage at the end of the book that natural selection would "throw light on the origin of man and his history," and twelve years elapsed before he published the corollary under the title of "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." But the inevitable sequel had been plainly set forth by Huxley in his "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," which appeared in 1863. He appears not to have heard of the meeting at the Linnean Society, of which he was not then a member, but the reputation he had won made his verdict on the "Origin" that for which Darwin most anxiously waited. It was emphatic. "I am prepared," he said, "to go to the stake, if requisite, in support of the chapters marshalling the evidence for evolution," and Darwin's delight expressed itself in willingness to sing his *Nunc Dimittis*.

Huxley, master of clear and vigorous English, presented the facts proving the descent of man and the higher mammals from a common ancestry, and, what was of profound significance, the evidence of an unbroken chain of psychical continuity between the lowest and the most complex life-forms, "even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect germinating" in the former. Nor did he stop there. Working further back, he added:

> "I can see no excuse for doubting, in view of the intimate relations between man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, that all are co-ordinated terms of Nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind force to conscious intellect and will."

That faith he kept to the end; in the year before his death in 1895 he referred to Darwin's theory as one that "will modify the whole system of our thought and opinion and our most intimate convictions." In a letter which lies before me, dated November 18, 1892, Huxley says:

> "I was looking through 'Man's Place in Nature' the other day. I do not think there is a word I need delete,



Darwin's home, 110, Gower Street, formerly 12, Upper Gower Street.
Here he lived from the time of his marriage in 1839 till his removal to Down, Kent, in 1842. Here he wrote his works on Coral Reefs, etc.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Charles Darwin.**

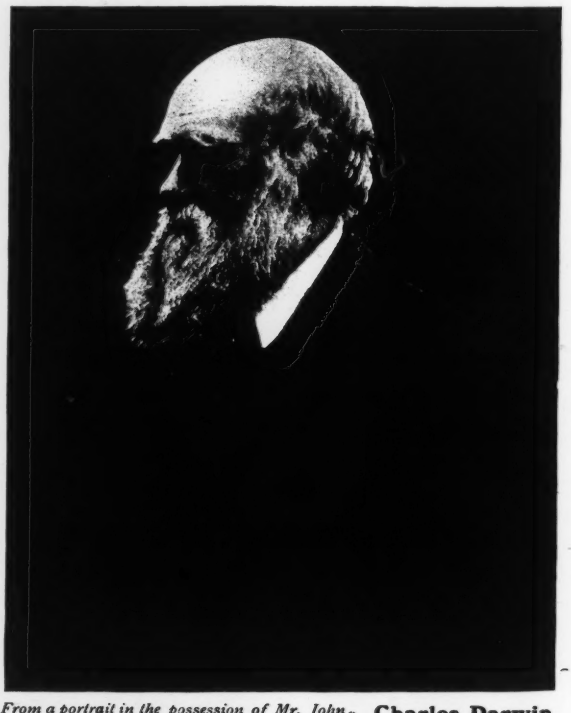
nor anything I need add, except in confirmation and extension of the doctrine there laid down. That is great good fortune for a book thirty years old, and one that a very shrewd friend of mine implored me not to publish, as it would certainly ruin all my prospects."

The shrewd friend was Sir William Lawrence, in whose "Physiology, Zoology, and Natural History of Man" theologians had detected heretical ideas, and it was on the ground that the book "contradicted the Scriptures" that Lord Eldon actually refused an injunction to protect the rights of the author against a pirated edition. To narrate how Huxley's book was received by polemic and obscurant is to repeat the story of the reception of "The Origin of Species." "Lyell's object is to make man old, Huxley's is to degrade him," said the *Athenæum*; while sermons, squibs, and satires were one in their aim, if varying in method. Mr. Courthope, confusing, like many others, the theories of Lamarck and Darwin, amused with his Aristophanic lines in "The Paradise of Birds":

"Eggs were laid as before, but each time more and more varieties struggled and bred,
Till one end of the scale dropped its ancestor's tail, and the other got rid of his head.
From the bill, in brief words, were developed the Birds, unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie,
From the tail and hind legs, in the second-laid eggs, the Apes—and Professor Huxley."

But no opposition, serious or frivolous, could arrest the cumulative force of facts demonstrating that if the process known as evolution operates anywhere, it operates everywhere, and that man can be no element of discord in a universal order which is alike his stimulus and safeguard. In forcing, as it were, Darwin's hand, Huxley rendered him enormous service. He prepared the way for the publication of "The Descent of Man," whereby the significant issues of the theory of natural selection were brought home to men's "business and bosoms." Significant, because affecting man intellectually and spiritually, as well as physically. Comparative anatomy has revealed fundamental identity between his mental apparatus and that of his nearest allies; comparative and experimental psychology have made evident identity of behaviour between him and them, and shown, in the words of Professor Baldwin, that "the development of mind in its early stages and in certain directions of progress is revealed most adequately in the animal." Continuity is thus proven in the psychical as in the physical; every faculty explicit in man is implicit in lower organisms. There are differences between them that can never be bridged, but they are differences of degree, not of kind. Articulate speech, that is, the association of certain word-sounds with certain ideas, is one of them. But animals communicate with each other, and the evolution of that part of the cortex of the brain wherein lies the speech zone in man is shown in the fact that it does not appear till shortly before birth, and is not fully developed until the end of the first year of infancy.

After marshalling the facts supporting the common descent of living things, and explaining the similitude between simian and human brains—the differences between those of man and ape being less than those between apes and monkeys—Darwin indicated the bearing of this upon the profound matters of man's



From a portrait in the possession of Mr. John Murray, and reproduced by his kind permission. **Charles Darwin.**

duty and destiny, round which thought revolves, centripetally tethered, as planet to the sun. He was not what is termed a moral philosopher, but what he has to say on the evolution of conscience or the ethical sense is a model of clearness with compactness. Every text-book on this subject is mainly an expansion of his lucid chapters wherein he expounds unbroken development from the throbs of the amœba to the emotions of man, and traces the origin of codes of conduct in the herd instinct. Society is possible only by the subdual of each individual to what the community determines is best for the whole.

Thus the doctrine is shown to be applicable to the most momentous human interests, and the bringing of these into its pale was indirectly due, chiefest of all, to Darwin. For evolution, applied to cosmic processes, to cooling nebula and consolidating sun or planet, would have remained a fascinating study, but would never have become a guiding philosophy of life. It is in the extension of its processes as explanation of our social, political, ethical, and religious institutions that its abiding value consists, because it touches the heart of man. Hence, in the roll of that select company, who "having served their generation fell on sleep," and whose ashes repose in Westminster Abbey, the name of Charles Darwin will abide, undimmed in lustre.

RICHARD JEFFERIES AND LONDON.

By Edward Thomas.

THE development of Richard Jefferies as a country essayist may be said to have begun with his first long stay in the neighbourhood of London since he was a boy. The greater part of 1876, his twenty-eighth year, was spent at Sydenham, and about that time his earliest descriptive essays appeared in the *Graphic*. He must have gone up to find a suitable house near London, yet at the edge of the country, and to make sure of his newspaper connections. This was that bitter time of which he speaks in "The Story of My Heart," when it was necessary to be separated from his family. "There is little indeed," he wrote, "in the more immediate suburbs of London to gratify the sense of the beautiful.

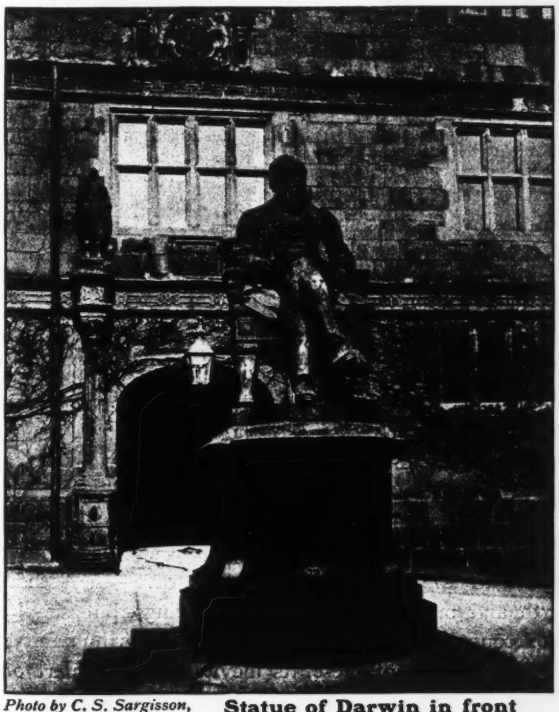


Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley. **Statue of Darwin in front of the Old Shrewsbury School.**

Yet there was a cedar by which I used to walk up and down, and think the same thoughts as under the great oak in the solitude of the sunlit meadows." Early in 1877 he and his wife and child left Victoria Street, Swindon, for 2, Woodside, Surbiton. Woodside is a small block of whitish, stuccoed, flat-fronted houses of two storeys, just beyond the last shops and just before Douglas Road, on the right-hand side of the Ewell Road as you go to Tolworth by the electric tram. No. 2 is the second house towards Ewell, and has a poor small fir behind the railings of its front garden. It has been overtaken by London for some time, though its windows have a swelling leafy view of Hounslow, Richmond Park, and Wimbledon Common on one side, and of Hook, Chessington, Claygate and their woods on the other.

In his first spring there Jefferies was "astonished and delighted" by the richness of the bird life; he never knew so many nightingales. He saw herons go over, and a teal. Magpies were common, and he records ten together on September 9, 1881, within twelve miles of Charing Cross. There were the same happy greenfinches, his favourite birds, which "never cease love-making in the elms." The beautiful white bryony grew over the hedges. "Birds," he notes, "care nothing for appropriate surroundings." He was awakened by the workmen's trains in the March mornings, yet when he saw the orange-tinted light upon the ceiling, "something in the sense of morning lifted the heart up to the sun." Almost at his door was a copse of Scotch and spruce fir, hornbeam, birch and ash, now vanished, where he used to watch dove and pigeon, cuckoo, nightingale, sedge-warbler and missel-thrush; once a pair of house-martins built under his eaves, and the starlings were welcome though they dammed the gutter. Among many flowers, here was the fairest of those belonging to the Wiltshire downland, the "blue meadow geranium" or cranesbill. He was the first to point out that the flowers have sought sanctuary on the railway cuttings and embankments.

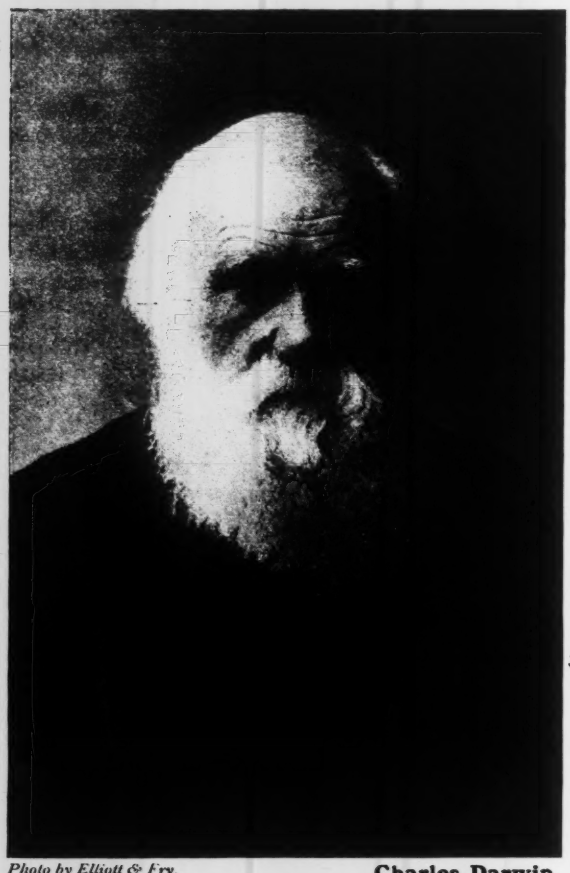


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Charles Darwin.**
A late portrait.

The cart-horses of the neighbouring farms wore "the ancient harness with bells under high hoods, or belfries, bells well attuned, too, and not far inferior to those rung by handbell men." The farmhouses, the stone staddles for the corn-ricks, were old; so, too, the broad and red-faced labourer with fringe of reddish whiskers. "Could we look back three hundred years, just such a man would be seen in the midst of the same surroundings, deliberately trudging round the straw ricks of Elizabethan days, calm and complacent though the Armada be at hand." There was a village shop, among cherry and pear orchards—"the sweets and twine and trifles are such as may be seen in similar meadows a hundred miles distant."

It was no wonder, then, that Jefferies kept his love of walking, though Northern Surrey has not the same temptations to long walks as the Downs. He walked regularly for an hour and a half in the morning, and for the same time in the afternoon, and would rise from his work at odd times to stroll round Tolworth. He liked to repeat his walks again and again as he did in Wiltshire. "From my home near London I made a pilgrimage almost daily," he writes, "to an aspen by a brook"; and this would probably be the Hogsmill near Tolworth Court Farm. By those walks he not only escaped from the "constant routine of house-life, the same work, the little circumstances regularly recurring," which "will dull the keenest edge of thought," but could repeat his prayer, his "inexpressible desire of physical life, of soul life, equal to and beyond the highest imagining of his heart."

He visited Kew for the enjoyment of its silence as well as for study. He rowed on the Thames at Teddington and Molesey, and showed himself a good citizen by his protest against the destruction of the fauna and flora of the river and its banks. Londoners, he thought, "should look upon the inhabitants of the river as peculiarly their own. . . . I marvel that they permit the least of birds to be shot upon its banks." But having known the Wiltshire fields and been friendly with the nearest keeper and the farmers, he would have nothing to say to preservation "by beadle."

Nevertheless, "the inevitable end of every footpath round about London is London." He describes how he saw the London atmosphere come drifting one July day, "a bluish-yellow mist, the edge of which was clearly defined, and which blotted out distant objects and blurred those nearer at hand." The influence of London was everywhere. The elms were frequently spoiled by being used as posts for wire fencing; sewers carried away the water from some roots, and gas leaking from the pipes could do no good. And he saw foreign shrubs and trees, the emblems of sudden riches, rhododendron and plane especially taking possession of gardens, where he longed to see oaks and filbert walks. He missed the Downs: "hills that purify those who walk on them there were not. Still, I thought my old thoughts."

But with London itself it was different. London is one of the immense things of the world, like the Alps, the Sahara, the Western Sea; and it has a complexity, a wavering changefulness, along with its mere size, which no poets or artists have defined as they have, in a sense, defined those other things. Huge, labyrinthine, dense, yet airy and plastic to the roving spirit, it troubles the midnight stars and conspires with the winds and the setting sun to colour and mould the clouds. It is an epitome of the world, of "other people," and, plunging into it, the mind ranges through the humiliations or oblivions of insignificance to all the consolations and even triumphs of preserving its own integrity there, perhaps even—for some moments—the bliss of gliding as a wave in the world-mind that towers and roars and foams here with beauty and shipwreck and curious flotsam on its tide. London, except in paltry ways to lungs and feet, ends by overcoming any fanciful sense of the incongruity of towns with Nature. And that, too, not because of the excellent skies over it, the river, the wind in the smoke, the rain on the face, nor because of the fine grass that will grow through the grilles in the pavement round the trees by the National Portrait Gallery and the Gaiety Theatre, or the dock and groundsell and grass that quickly adorn—as with the hand that beflowered Nero's grave—the crude earth and bricks of demolished buildings, but simply on account of its ancientness, its bulk, its humanity, and, arising out of these, its inevitableness as part of what the sun shines on. Of Aymer Malet in his novel of "World's End," Jefferies wrote: "Like all men with

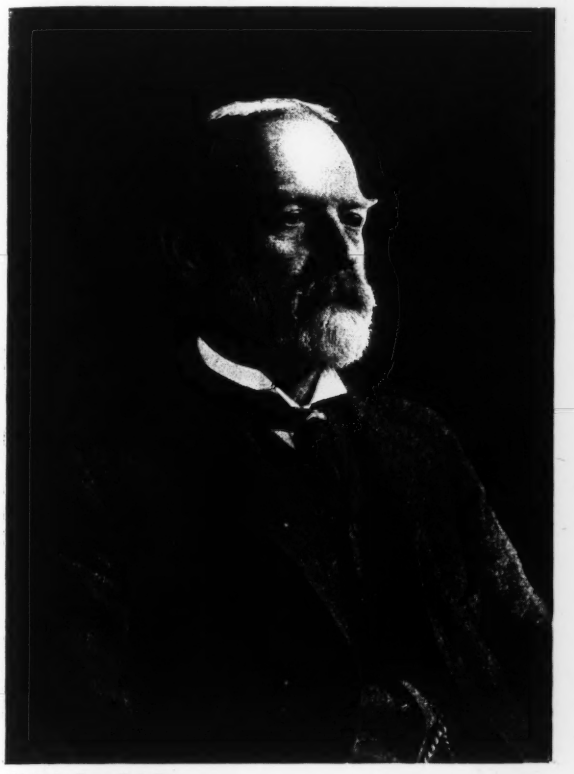


Photo by Russell & Sons.

Sir George Howard Darwin, K.C.B.

Photo by Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

Mr. Francis Darwin.

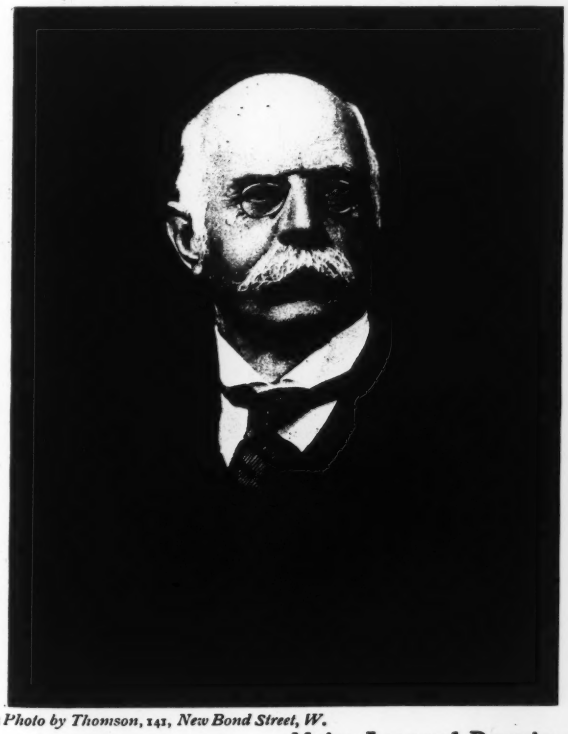


Photo by Thomson, 141, New Bond Street, W.

Major Leonard Darwin.

Photo by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Mr. Horace Darwin.

FOUR SURVIVING SONS OF CHARLES DARWIN.

any pretence to brains, though he delighted in Nature and loved the country, there was a strong, almost irresistible desire within him to mingle in the vast crowds of cities, to feel that indefinable 'life' which animates the mass." He said himself: "I am very fond of what I may call a thickness of the people such as exists in London"; "I dream in London quite as much as in the woodlands"; "I like the solitude of the hills and the hum of the most crowded city; I dislike little towns and villages." In a crowd there is, too, a welcome distraction to one who knows that the hearts of most human beings can stand a longer siege than Troy, that every word is an arrow or a stone of defence if not offence, that families are secret societies against humanity; especially to one who, like Jefferies, asked, "Has any one thought for an instant upon the extreme difficulty of knowing a person?" In one of his essays in "Nature near London," he shows that London fascinated him by itself, as well as from its power of such consolation. "It is the presence of man in his myriads," he wrote; "it is a curious thing that your next-door neighbour may be a stranger, but there are no strangers in a vast crowd. They all seem to have some relationship, or rather, perhaps, they do not rouse the sense of reserve which a single unknown person might." He continues: "Still, the impulse is not to be analysed; these are mere notes acknowledging its power"; the neighbourhood of the city induced "a mental, a nerve-restlessness" out in the Surrey fields; "the hills and vales, and meads and woods are like the ocean upon which Sindbad sailed; but coming too near the lodestone of London, the ship wends thither, whether or no. At least it is so with me, and I often go to London without any object whatever, but just because I must, and, arriving there, wander whithersoever the hurrying throng carries me." He tells us of seeing Jupiter and the stars as he came down the Haymarket, or in the Strand. He watched the differences of definition in the changing atmosphere with delight; the exquisite London fleetingness of impressions fortified his keen interest in the weather. He knew the sunsets from Westminster Bridge, "big with presage, gloom, tragedy," the light of winter and spring sunsets shining on the unconscious westward faces in Piccadilly; once he watched the sunrise from London Bridge, and never forgot it. He dreamed in Trafalgar Square and by the portico of the British Museum. To live fixed in London was impossible to him; yet of London, simply as a gaudy, opulent place, he was no mean admirer. "Let the grandees go to the Opera," he wrote in "Amaryllis at the Fair"; "for me the streets." When he thought of the shops he was a hearty countryman in his enthusiasm.

Darwin's Home at Down, Kent.
Here he lived from 1842 till his death in 1882.

Darwin's Home at Down, Kent.
View from the road. Darwin's study was in the building on the right.

London has the exuberance and carelessness of Nature herself. There is a wonderful, feverish glow, a romantic glow even, together with a sad penetration, when he writes of Fleet Street: "Let the meads be never so

sweet, the mountain-top never so exalted, still to Fleet Street the mind will return." He is, in fact, one of the great Londoners. On London Bridge and by the Royal Exchange he "felt the presence of the immense powers of the universe," felt himself "in the midst of eternity, in the midst of the supernatural, among the immortal." So great was his admiration that he called London "the only *real* place in the world."

"The cities," he continues, "run towards London as young partridges run to their mother. The cities know that they are not real. They are only houses and wharves, and bricks and stucco; only outside. The minds of all men in them, merchants, artists, thinkers, are bent on London. . . . A house is not a dwelling if a man's heart be elsewhere. Now, the heart of the world is in London, and the cities with the simulacrum of man in them are empty. They are moving images only; stand here and you are real."

It is not the least of the City's praises that it was part of the culture which made Richard Jefferies's mature work memorable.

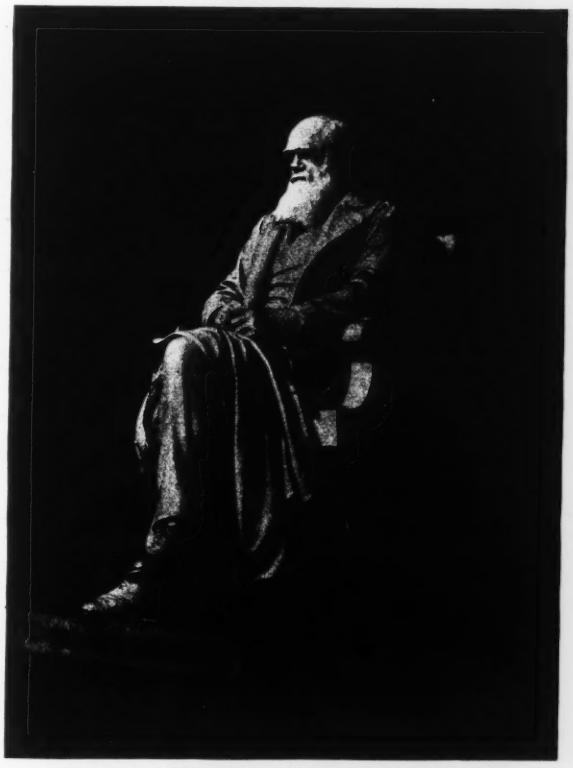
THE PENALTIES OF FAILURE.

By Edwin Pugh.

"WHATEVER difference may appear in men's fortunes," says Rochefoucauld, "there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and ill that makes all equal"; a syllogism peculiarly applicable to denizens of the world of art. Thus, one man may succeed in making literature whilst at the same time failing to make a livelihood; and another man may gain riches and fame only at the sacrifice of his self-respect.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose, however, to assume that that author has failed who, though doing good work, is little known, and consequently has a difficulty in making both ends meet. And at the very outset it should also be made clear that the literary aspirant who never meets with any sort of acceptance cannot be said to have failed to the same extent as the writer who has attained to a position which seems to justify him in regarding literature as, incidentally, a means of maintenance. The one man has obviously mistaken his vocation; the other may be a writer of considerable talent, or even genius.

He has got his first book published: a comparatively easy matter. It does not (as we say) sell; but it is well received by the critics, who acclaim it as a thing of promise and foretell a brilliant future for its author. On the strength of that recommendation editors will invite contributions from the flushed neophyte, whose work has, at any rate, the charm of novelty. The young author responds, does his eager, earnest best, and has the instant reward of seeing himself in print in half a dozen magazines during the first year of his literary career. He feels that he is now fairly launched on the flood-tide of success and in a fair way to earn a sufficient competency by his pen. Meanwhile, he has done a second book, which is also published in due course, and well received—though not quite so enthusiastically as the first. This second book also fails to secure any large sale; but as yet the young author's reputation has suffered no irreparable injury. He has completed a year of literary life, has propitiated several editors, is known to and appreciated by a select band of readers, and has a small balance at his bank. The prospect appears golden.



Statue of Darwin in the British Museum, by Sir J. E. Boehm, unveiled in June, 1885.

Then there comes a little set-back. One of his short stories is returned by an editor, who has hitherto invariably taken his contributions, as being "not quite

up to his best level." The young author reads his rejected story by this new light that is suddenly flashed upon it; but still it seems to him as good as anything he has ever done, if not better. He concludes that this particular editor does not know his business, and sends the story elsewhere. But whilst the story is being considered in a new quarter, another of his stories returns from yet another unreceptive editor; and before he has recovered from the shock of this fresh disaster, he receives a third rebuff from the new quarter he has tried. He has now two stories on his hands which have failed of acceptance. He grows a little panic-stricken, his self-confidence is shaken; he can find nothing in the stories themselves to account for their rejection, being too inexperienced to perceive that he has already lost something of the first radiant freshness of his youthful talent even as he has gained in literary craftsmanship.

After much troubled reflection he decides to put aside these two unfortunate offspring of his fancy, and to write something in a stronger vein which shall eclipse all his former efforts. In a glow of inspiration he concentrates himself on this new little masterpiece. The result is eminently pleasing to himself. He feels that he has now produced a work that must impress the most obtuse of editors. In that fond conviction he sends it to the short-sighted incompetent who gave him his first set-back. To his amazement the story is returned with, this time, not a word of explanation.

Now something very like despair grips him. The bottom of his world seems suddenly to have dropped out. After a period of bleak depression he plucks up courage to go and interview the editor who has thus betrayed him. The editor barely remembers the story, is most casual and perfunctory about it, says that what the public wants is something that the young author feels he is utterly incapable of producing. "But you liked my other things," the young author reminds him piteously. "Yes, *I* did," is the reply. "I oughtn't to have taken them, though. Got into trouble with my proprietors about it. Now, why don't you . . . ?" "But that isn't my style at all," the young author protests. To this the editor replies with a shrug that dismisses the subject for ever.

That is a terrible hour for the young author in which he leaves the office of the magazine and walks into Fleet Street with the spectre of failure for the first time riding on his shoulder, chuckling derisively in his ear, mocking and flouting him. And at the back of his very present trouble there is already beginning to lurk the shadow of a trouble even more grievous. He has not earned a guinea for a month, and the balance at his bank has dwindled to a figure that sends the cashiers groping among ledgers whenever he presents a cheque. He feels, quite rightly, that it is impossible for him to do justice to his talent so long as this blight of immediate necessity lies upon him.

There is only one course left open. He must write a pot-boiler. After all, common pine makes a quicker, brighter blaze than rare old oak. He must bend his genius to sorry ends—for a time, anyway—in order to keep himself alive. So, he buys a sheaf of cheap periodicals and proceeds to study their contents as he has never studied Shakespeare. It is abominable stuff, but he must sink himself to its level. And having, as he thinks, got the trick of it, he sets to work and for some weeks devotes his delicate talent to the perpetration of facile rubbish. But even so he is not quite so facile as he could wish. He finds it impossible altogether to disregard the canons of his art. He feels impelled to see to it that his style is not too insufferably offensive to his own taste. After all, he reflects, a bad story is none the worse for being well written. And therein he is wrong, as he discovers when the wretched stuff comes back and he re-reads it, and is revolted alike by its meretricious glitter and its blatant commonness.

Thereafter his career is compact of two dissonant and warring elements. He is torn between the vulgar necessity of earning a living and the clamant demands of his art for expression through an appropriate medium. There is an end of his peace of mind, of his former joy in his work. His ambition droops. He grows cynical and petty and peevish. Gradually he learns to prostitute his powers to some profitable purpose, and, by dint of unceasing thought and care and hard work, contrives to scrape a pittance out of the garbage of the gutter-press. Henceforth he is nevermore to be free from the cark and fret of pecuniary anxieties. The spirit of his youth departs out of him. His ardent hopes and aspirations wilt and shrivel and decay. He grows old before his time; and there is no health in him—of mind, or soul, or body. Wistfully, reluctantly, but perforce, he lays aside his dreams of a glorious and noble future in which he shall live honoured and beloved of his fellow-men, doing the work that he was born to do and rejoicing in it, and so moving on from strength to strength until he declines to a gracious and dignified death that shall but open the gates of immortality.

This it is to fail; and, in the long-drawn-out agony of failing, to realise that failure begets failure as surely as success begets success.

For how is a man to do fine and noble work whose mind is incessantly preoccupied with mean and ignoble considerations? How are the fair flowers of the imagination to flourish in a soil that is parched with the bitter salt tears of vain-longing? How is the splendid inner vision to be translated into stately and beautiful language when the bodily senses are everywhere affronted by a sordid outlook upon squalor and gloom? For those who have attained to high places, for those to whom their art is a pleasant distraction and not a means of subsistence, it is easy to say that a man who sells his soul for filthy lucre is a traitor to his better self. But what would these do in the failure's place if their wives and weans came crying to them for bread? Would they bid them wait for the stone that posterity is going to plant upon their graves? It is right and just to condemn those miserable pandars

who, in order to lay up for themselves treasure upon earth, adopt the methods of the huckster in the market-place, and having first adulterated and diluted their talents, sell them to the highest bidder; for verily these have their reward! But the poor, disheartened and discredited failure, whose human needs alone have constrained him to barter his birthright for a mess of pottage, has paid penalty enough already in the secret shame of his heart for his fall from grace, without incurring further reprobation.

Consider his plight. Each morning, as he sits him down to his appointed drudgery, he tells himself that as soon as this job is finished and paid for he will turn to some worthy task that shall give him another chance of emancipation. In that hope he works on and endures, month after month, year upon year. And more often than not the fruits of his drudgery fail to find a purchaser; which means that not only has he wasted time and pains, but that he has subdued his inclinations, sacrificed his self-respect, and schooled himself to do that which consumes and sickens him with shame, only to find that all his labour and degradation have been in vain, and that he might as well, or better, have sat idle during all those weary hours of uncongenial and disgusting toil. Which means that he is poorer than ever for his self-denying effort: poorer in purse, poorer in spirit, poorer by the loss of many precious days and the squandering of precious powers upon work that has not even been its own reward, but, instead, its own punishment.

And this is the sum of his sorry existence that was to have been a full, bright life.

One of the chief penalties that he pays for failure is a sad lack of leisure. He is so unskilful at this business of pot-boiling, that for every thousand words which he succeeds in selling he must write five thousand which he cannot sell; and he is so poorly paid that, to keep his home together, he dare not slacken in his efforts for a day. Thus he gets no rest, no repose, no time in which to recuperate his faculties and put them to their destined uses. The famous and prosperous author whose books bulk large in every shop-window, whose name is on the contents-page of every magazine, whose portrait appears in all the illustrated weeklies, whose views on every matter of life and death are proudly published in every sort of periodical, who is paragraphed and interviewed and advertised in a hundred gratuitous ways, often complains of the exactingness of his life, and declares, in the intervals of his social engagements, that he has not a moment to call his own. Yet if he writes an hour a day he will earn twice or thrice as much in that short while as his humble fellow-artist who is a failure can earn in a week of ten-hour days. And always he will work with a better heart, inasmuch as he knows that he may write what pleases him, that whatever he writes will certainly be published and handsomely paid for. Moreover, he does not write with the dread of imminent poverty for ever hanging over his head to chill his brain. His reward comes to him in countless different guises, all pleasant and desirable. Besides the cheques that flow into his exchequer from a dozen different sources of revenue of which his brother, the failure, knows nothing —from American and colonial and foreign and other rights—he has his heavy morning budget of letters, breathing admiration and eulogy, his rolls of press-cuttings, and the rest, all testifying to his hold upon the public and re-assuring him of his popularity. If he is attacked others will defend him. If he is adversely criticised he has his publisher's timely report of a new edition to console him. His way is made easy by voluntary helpers, who deem it an honour to serve him. No considerations of expense stand in the way of his obtaining expert evidences, or of visiting some pleasant, far-off spot in search of new literary inspiration. Wherever he goes he is fêted and courted and caressed, he is listened to with deference, his lightest word is remembered and repeated, his most careless impromptu is applauded as a miracle of wit.

He has not to tramp the cold and muddy, or hot and dusty, streets in shabby clothes to wait the pleasure of lordly inferiors in the company of supercilious clerks. He has not to importune editors and publishers, and to submit meekly to their hectoring. His days are not all spent in dreary drudgery, punctuated by spells of desolate weariness, when his exhausted brain refuses its office and his sick mind tortures itself with a thousand horrid forebodings, the least of which points a spectral finger toward madness and ruin and disgraceful death. Such pangs, such horrors, such fears, are the common penalties of failure. And yet . . .

And yet it is often hard to distinguish between failure and success apart from the penalties of the one and the rewards of the other. Indeed, it does sometimes happen that the whilom failure and the whilom success by some strange chance change places; and this without any variation on either side from the standards of their respective work. But the failure must not have been too long a failure if he is ever to become a success. For it is sadly true—to quote again from Rochefoucauld —that "those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones." There comes a time when the power to fly deserts the strongest-winged, when the limits of endurance are passed, and something—his heart, perhaps—seems to break inside the poor failure, and he lies down in the mud at last and finds it soft and wallows there.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

February 1 to March 1, 1909.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BARBOUR, JOHN.—The Bruce. Edited by W. M. Mackenzie, M.A. 5s. net.
GIBSON, W. R. BOYCE, M.A.—God with Us: A Study in Religious Idealism. 3s. 6d. net.
JOHNSON, A. E. (Edited by).—Tom Browne, R.B.A., R.I. (Brush, Pen and Pencil Series.) 3s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, REV. J. EVANS, B.D.—The Old Testament in the Light of the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. 7s. 6d. net.

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Mr. Noyes's little book is therefore perforce inadequate, but it might well have been less so. A poet himself, he has dealt mainly with Morris as poet. And wisely; still more wisely had he done so altogether. For all he has to say about Morris's life and the other branches of his work amounts to very little of value, though eked out by sentimental verbiage. The sixteen pages of the Early Years chapter might have been cut down to sixteen lines. They

* "William Morris." By Alfred Noyes. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

teem with absurdities and affectations which invite ridicule. But let them pass. Maybe he would now agree that his best plan would have been to give a plain matter-of-fact account of his hero's career and work, and then confine himself to a careful criticism of the poetry. Not that his facts are incorrect or his judgments unsound when he is himself; he has rejected the wealth of detail gleaned from the jocular or mischievous exaggerations of Morris's friends, and palmed off on the credulous public, such as the preposterous invention that the poet was wont when out of temper to bite the table legs and "make dents in the wall" by banging his head against it. By a curious oversight his Socialism is not referred to this "early impression." But the criticism of the poems is what mainly concerns us now.

Even here, where Mr. Noyes is in his own province, he fails to impress or please. When he is sincere, thinks for himself, and speaks his own mind—and when that is I seldom feel much doubt—he is sober, judicious, and convincing. But his criticism is for the most part marred by the usual fashionable vices of to-day, such as far-fetched and false comparisons, portentous deliverances on trifles, views misty and mystical all smoke and fog, perpetual juggling with "terms of art," most of them meaningless cant phrases—and all the other devices for seeming to say a good deal when you have nothing to say. And all this in the terrible jargon perfected by the perpetrators of books about "Homes and Haunts"—that strange jumble of mincing affectation, whining sentiment, and pompous flourish. If Mr. Noyes sins he is far from the greatest of sinners, and he is punished. His pretentious flights sometimes bring him to earth on the verge of that abyss of nonsense at the bottom of which Mr. Henry James now lies smiling. Take one instance. He says that Gudrun was a "Titanic harlot," and that "this type of woman has enslaved men from the days of Lilith to the days of Mary Stuart." Well, Lilith can take care of herself, but poor Mary—just think! Out of the long rows over her person and character I suppose a few points of agreement have emerged. First, that if not rather *petite*, she was no giantess—nor were her vices or virtues in the least Titanic. A harlot she was not, though her principles were no doubt lax and Medicean, and she would never have allowed her scruples to weigh against her interests. Nor was she even prone to amorous weakness—have we yet found the key to the Bothwell episode? And this plain woman, agreeable and engaging as her manners no doubt were—this sharp woman of business—what men did she enslave? It was then the fashion for courtiers to be dying for love of their queen—no less was expected of them. Mary—and even her hard-featured cousin, too, with all her vanity—no doubt knew as well as any Chicago millionairess what cupboard love means. Cleopatra was likely enough much the same sort of person—in fact, I doubt if these tiresome Titanic harlots ever existed outside the superheated brains of more or less fleshy poets. To return: Mr. Noyes of course makes great play with the favourite hocus-pocus of treating one art in the terms of another. Having hit upon the (perfectly true) affinity of Morris's poetry to his tapestry, he devotes himself for the rest of the book to "rubbing it in," and goes on scraping away with his "warps" and "woofs" and "golden threads," and "white and blue and cinnabar," till the nasty raw places he has made on my mental cuticle will take a lot of poulticing with Johnson and other soothing criticism to heal. A trick the more hateful, because from the prevalence of bad example one is always so apt to stray into it oneself.

I have been thus frank about Mr. Noyes's literary delinquencies because from certain indications I suspect that they are neither natural nor congenial to him, but borrowed for the occasion on well-meant if erroneous grounds. The courtiers made eyes at Queen Mary, Raleigh spread his best cloak for Oriana's carpet, and that crafty Dublin boy—our English brats soon forget even Alfred and the cakes—his newspapers for Mme. Tetrazzini, not because they liked it, but because they thought it "good business." And they were right—so is Mr. Noyes from the popular point of view. But he need not spread his writings for fools to flounder on, if, as I suspect, he could make them meet for the eyes of the wise.

One self-denying practice he has; he illustrates his judgments by copious and lengthy quotation, italicising choice phrases and sentences, thus giving hostages, sometimes with fatal consequences. Not seldom to what I must regard as a very ordinary passage he ascribes a vast importance, an ineffable beauty, or an occult significance which amazes me, while passing over others which I should hasten to praise. But this is of course to a great extent a matter of taste. Metrical problems he has evidently studied with zeal, so I will not presume to say that he makes too much of them. But his general estimate of each great poem and of Morris's poetry as a whole seems both acute, reasoned, and just. His opinions, I mean—for as to expression he is prone, as are we all, to force his tones in praising the hero in hand. With no small instinct and skill he has assigned to Morris his true place among the poets—and after all that was his appointed task.

What has he done to help the readers of his poet? How much for the inner circle of professed Morris-enthusiasts I know not. For myself and probably for other outsiders a very great deal. When "The Earthly Paradise" ("that tremendous tapestry of music," as Mr. Noyes, dragging in a third art, calls it), was coming out, we all read it as a duty, that is, a good deal of it—few, I suspect, the whole. So too the "Jason." Controversy was then raging round the Fleshly School, and with that gravitation towards minority-opinion which at least saves us the trouble of revising our views in maturer years, I adopted a scandalous indifference to the pretensions of Rossetti, Morris, and their comrades. To base a serious estimate of Morris on a raw, boyish, imperfect, and half-forgotten study would be presumption, nor am I likely ever to travel patiently, as Mr. Noyes has done, through the endless mazes of his poems. But from this little book I have certainly gained many lights, often corroborated by the memories it has revived, and feel, nay am sure, that now I understand something about the poetry of Morris. Of these lights a few may here be glanced at. In perhaps his best passage (pp. 45, 46) Mr. Noyes points out how Morris formed for himself a "kind of poetic dictionary" as conventional as that of Pope or Racine. Thus he ignores all but a few favourite natural objects. Of flowers he mentions only the rose, lily, sunflower, violet, and daisy; of birds rarely any but the lark and nightingale. To such objects he applies a strictly limited range of epithets. Thus his sea waves are usually "green," sometimes "blue," in storm simply "white," or "tumbling"—most frequently he is content with "the waters wan." Our critic, curiously enough, does not notice the Homeric origin of this archaic fad, nor how it prejudices the poet's appeal to readers trained in Tennyson's minute variety; but he does point out what had certainly escaped me, how much Morris gained by these and his other deliberate conventions. First it explains his singular rapidity of composition. With his command of rhyme it enabled him to narrate a story in verse almost as easily as in prose, and at a uniform pace. Secondly, it explains the singularly even quality of his poetry, and that quality so high: never rising to Tennyson's heights, he never sinks near his depths. A skilled and experienced craftsman in the art of narrative poetry, with his chosen tools handy, he could turn out work of uniform excellence, mechanically, almost automatically, much as a practical compositor will form a faultless page from a handsome fount of type. And further it explains why the "Paradise" and "Sigurd" and "Jason" are of all long narrative poems the easiest to read. Surely this cannot be denied. Once we are accustomed to the atmosphere and conventions all is plain sailing—nothing to distract us from the steady march of the story, no purple patches, no obscurities, no thought problems, no word puzzles, no baffling sudden

transitions. Never do we have to pause to secure the meaning. As to the artistic decoration and colouring of the poems, they remind me of those in a suite of gorgeous Morris apartments, absorbing our attention just at first, but when we have lived in them, grown familiar they merely impart a vague sense of opulent comfort—we have ceased to notice them.

Mr. Noyes's main position and boldest claim, namely, that "The Earthly Paradise" is one of the greatest literary achievements of its century, may startle us at the first blush, but we cannot long resist his arguments. That it has serious limitations he admits, but defends them, as I consider, successfully. The most obvious is the low and contracted moral and philosophical plane on which Morris chose to write. For "fleshliness" our critic substitutes a much better word, "sense-impressions." To Morris life was but a series of such impressions, its happiness depending on the proportion of pleasant to painful ones. Infinitely the worst of all is death, and the dread of death he regards sometimes as poisoning life, sometimes as a spice to pleasure and so making life worth living. This view the world feels—and long may it feel, whatever science may insinuate—to be a lower, a baser view, a more hopeless outlook, nay, a less convenient working hypothesis than the moral doctrines which our great teachers from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton down to Carlyle and Tennyson nobly if confusedly struggled to reconcile with facts. And curiously it was never the mediæval view, not even of the born artists (though it does underlie the art of the Italian Renascence), yet Morris's single aim was to relate his stories, even ancient Greek legends, in the mediæval spirit and tone; which palpable inconsistency is perhaps his weakest point. Still, his view, as Mr. Noyes rightly insists, is perfectly defensible. It is the purely artistic view of life; and Morris purposely worked out that view as opposed to the moral view. His is the poetry of art, not of ethics. So what is artificial he treats as more natural than the natural. Art gives more exquisite sense-impressions than nature—beautiful natural objects are less satisfying than their clever artistic simulacra. Even in Ruskin's eyes this would be heresy, and just fancy Wordsworth doting on the celandines painted on his best tea-things! But after all, Morris's view is the legitimate view of the artist who is wholly artist and nothing else. So in his sense-impression view of life, as in most beside, he is consistent. "The Earthly Paradise" is not only the greatest of his many achievements in many spheres of art, but so homogeneous are they that it is representative of them all. Never before had an all-round artist so boldly and frankly treated poetry as one of the applied arts—probably never again will the attempt be made on so grand a scale, never with the like success. Great or not, "The Earthly Paradise" is a phenomenal achievement.

Y. Y.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.*

Great men are commoner than great books, or such a man as Joseph Skipsey would rank higher and be more honoured than he is. Some two or three wistful, pathetic, vividly realistic little lyrics he has written, some one or two rugged, forceful ballads of homely heroism, but the best thing he did was to live the life that has moved Mr. Spence Watson to write this sympathetic and deeply interesting memoir of him.

Skipsey was a Northumbrian miner. He had no schooling, and at seven years of age started work in the pit, spending sixteen hours of every day down in the dark, "from time to time pushing open a door through which the tubs of coal passed. It was a painful and weary time, but with

Joseph Skipsey.
From "Joseph Skipsey. A Memoir." (Unwin.)

rare pluck and perseverance he succeeded in teaching himself to read, write, and cipher." He taught himself by means of printed bills and circulars; "with a piece of chalk, he copied the letters on the sill, getting the names of the letters (which he had some chance knowledge of before he entered the pit) and explanations of meanings from those pitmen who were kindly disposed and who were able and willing to help him. He was a wee child in those days, and one of his brothers used to carry him part way to and from the pit. In winter he never saw daylight except on Sundays."

An uncle lent him "Paradise Lost," and gave him Lindley Murray's Grammar; he borrowed Pope's "Iliad" and Burns's songs, and saved up his scanty earnings and bought a copy of Shakespeare. He said of himself: "I had actually practised verse writing while I was yet a child behind my trap-door"; and when he was twenty-seven he published his first volume. Mr. Watson quotes a number of Skipsey's poems in the course of the narrative, and, to give an idea of the scope and variety of his work, includes a fairly large selection in an appendix. Always the best of these touch upon the lights and shadows of the life he knew: the boy's pride at starting work in the pit, and his father's and mother's fears for him; the pitman kissing his sleeping bairns and setting forth before daybreak, whistling as he closes behind him the door he may never open again; the love, the sorrow, the hardship, the privation that are the common lot of such a man—these things Skipsey knew, and the poems in which he wrote of them are alive with that knowledge and won for him the admiration and the friendship of some of the most famous of contemporary artists and men of letters.

He was a thoroughly skilful miner, and happier perhaps in that calling than when later he became in succession assistant librarian of a public library, caretaker at a Newcastle Board School, porter at Armstrong College, and custodian of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon. The Armstrong College people felt it was "impossible to have a college where the scientific men came to see the Principal and the artistic and literary men came to see the porter," and met him carrying coals along the corridor; and at Stratford Skipsey grew to disbelieve the stories he had to tell about the Shakespeare rooms and relics, and found the telling of them to incredulous visitors irksome

* "Joseph Skipsey. A Memoir." By the Rt. Hon. Robert Spence Watson. With 3 Portraits. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

and humiliating, till a small Government pension enabled him to resign the position. His most devoted friend was Thomas Dixon; Rossetti and Burne-Jones had a great regard for him. "Of course," wrote the latter, "his poems are not much to us; only one measures by relation, and sometimes the little that a man does who has had no chance whatever seems greater than the accomplished work of luckier men—on the widow's mite system of arithmetic, which is a lovely one." Mr. Watson was an intimate friend of Skipsey for forty years, and, as he says, "it may be to some extent I judge him by the facts of his life"; nevertheless, he counts him a poet, a true poet, though not a great one, and does not hesitate to add: "Looking back at him now that four years have passed since he left us, and taking him all in all, I think that I have never known a greater man."

It is the concisest of biographies, written with a quiet charm and a skill in presentment that enable one to realise easily both the attractiveness and the greatness of Skipsey's personality.

A. ST. J. A.

AN ENGLISH LADY.*

Mrs. La Touche of Harristown, the "noble woman" of the title of this very companionable book, belonged to that class of wise and cultured womanhood of which it is possible to use the term "lady" without any suggestion of snobbery. She was well bred, well read, well balanced. She accustomed herself in her youth to the intellectual company of the best minds, and through three-score years and ten she never failed to keep abreast of current literary movements. Yet, all the while, her even, mellowed temperament was never led away, as so many more impetuous minds are apt to be, by the excitements of inflammatory partisanship. Living a secluded life in the country, loving above all things the birds and flowers of her rural home, she heard the echoes of contemporary life from afar, and regarded them as no more than echoes. As old age settled down upon her, she may have seemed to the younger generation a little old-fashioned, but hers was, after all, a fashion which outlasts capricious changes. For her mind was filled with beautiful images and her eyes with beautiful sights. She moved, in a word, through the beauty of holiness.

These letters of hers, excellently arranged by her friend Miss Margaret Young, form an admirable expression of her true character. Competent judges considered Mrs. La Touche one of the best letter-writers of her generation; and if the art of unaffected self-revelation is the secret of correspondence, she might well lay claim to such a tribute. She was a great friend of Ruskin, and many of her best letters are written to him, but she by no means restricted the riches of her confidence to the more distinguished of her correspondents. No matter to whom she was writing, she always wrote with all her heart. The letters are of no great public importance. Echoes from the world of politics fall across them, and we get glimpses from time to time of well-known people of the day. But what is most valuable in them, as it is also most winning, is the frank revelation of a refined, wise, and tender-hearted nature, embodying the most lovable qualities of true and sterling womanhood.

* "The Letters of a Noble Woman." Edited by Margaret Ferrier Young. 12s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Sons.)

"We are having baking summer weather here again. It is very delicious, but there is no escaping the autumn sadness, and the splendour and colour of the days makes the early nightfall and cold dew more mournful. Did you ever notice how all flower-colours seem to intensify and deepen after sunset, particularly the blues and purples? I went into the garden yesterday evening, and got quite a shock. There was a sort of solemn brilliancy, never seen by day. They all seemed to mean something by it."

Her letters are full of this sympathy with nature, both inanimate and animate.

"I was rather horrified to receive a visitor the other day, in a coat made of mole-skins! And now I am told that I am quite behind the times, and a mole-skin coat is the very latest fashion. I wanted much to tell the wearer that the mole is the farmer's friend, and would be his (or her) instructor if he or she were capable of receiving instruction. We have no moles in Ireland, but I am sure St. Patrick never made the mistake of banishing them."

And, in a more serious mood, a certain genial breadth of view is never wanting.

"You tell me you are hungering to know the things of God, but not the things of Mr. Stead. What I feel is, that we can no more *know* the things of God than a baby in long clothes can know the laws of the solar system. But we can *think* about such things, and read, and observe, the views of other people. And Mr. Stead's are as likely to be true as Mr. Hutton's."

In this happy and broad-minded mood Mrs. La Touche lived into a generous old age, and was privileged to see her children's children around her. The autumn of life brought its sense of failing power, of course; and in her later letters it is rather pathetic to see how she longs for the spring, and for the renewal of natural beauty. But her mind was always a kingdom to her, rich and populous, and when her last hour came, among alien surroundings, her imagination was wafted back to the home where she had spent so many happy years, and she believed herself once more standing by the well-loved river and listening to her husband's voice. It was a fitting close to a lovely and stimulating life.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Four Generations, 1894.

Mr. La Touche, Mrs. La Touche, Mr. Percy La Touche (son), Mrs. J. Hotham (granddaughter) C. E. Hotham (great-grandson).

From "The Letters of a Noble Woman." (G. Allen & Sons.)

THE GROWTH OF MAN AND OF NATURE.*

We learn from the translator's preface that Dr. Frobenius was much in contact with savages at the Berlin Zoological Gardens. He became convinced that "one touch of nature" was the key to the interpretation of all human activities, both primitive and cultured, and he resolved to study mankind from that standpoint. For the purpose, he established relations with all sorts of people who travel in savage countries, collected documents and the products of savage workmanship, and made of his house a veritable museum. "While, therefore," he says, "anthropology begins the study of races by classifying men according to their colour and type of head, I start with a consideration of those outward forms that man has invented for himself. Hence, my first expression is amazement at the diversity of independent phenomena." "The Childhood of Man" is in the main Dr. Frobenius's museum transferred to paper—a museum of a book. It belongs rather to descriptive than to systematic anthropology, and bears somewhat the same relation to the latter as a natural history book bears to the modern post-evolutional work on biology. For Dr. Frobenius's standpoint enables him better to catch mankind's ways than to explain mankind's development. He has, one suspects, collected more material than he knows exactly how to deal with. Crammed as the book is with most interesting matter on—to name a few of the subjects—Personal Adornment, Secret Societies, Drum Language, Ancestor Worship, Cannibals, and the Early History of War (Dr. Frobenius considers that organised war is characteristic of races no longer in their childhood and therefore outside his purview), and with illustrations still more interesting and in many cases unique, the conclusions which might be drawn from such a mass of information are scarcely more than suggested. If the translator has adequately rendered the style of the original, it is, to say the least, curious. One of Stanley's records is recounted thus:

> "This yellow metal [brass] was here esteemed the most valuable of wares, and the wealthy king, Chumviri, had caused rings of it to be forged round the necks of his wives to the weight of from 44 to 90 pounds! The question then arose whether, after the death of his wives, the metal should be consigned to the grave with them.
>
> "What?
>
> "The answer was a line, full of meaning, drawn with the finger round the neck. Good heavens! Will the wife lie in the grave with or without her head? Ugh!
>
> "Here we have ornaments already treated as currency, as so much capital. . . ."

It is but fair to add, however, that although "The Childhood of Man" is detailed and painstaking—obviously written *con amore*—rather than scientific, it does correct many misconceptions about savage life, and its abundant material, worked up more systematically than Dr. Frobenius has yet done, should prove extremely valuable. The many primitive stories and myths form one of the most pleasing features of the book.

Mr. Rolleston, in his study of biology, ethics, and art, has used a diversity of material, which few men are qualified to bring together, in order to find the initial force, the guiding principle, in the development, not of mankind alone, but of the whole of nature with mankind at the self-conscious apex. He is one of those rare thinkers who, literary and philosophical by training, have taken pains to understand and to incorporate into their philosophy the researches of science; and "Parallel Paths" is one of the rare attempts to synthesise what we know of life from all sides into one comprehensive theory. Though nobody probably in this age of wariness and materialistc dogmatisms would go so far as to say that Mr. Rolleston's hypothesis is sound throughout, in itself as well as in its application to ethics and art, it can pretty confidently be asserted that he is vigorously following the path which several thinkers have looked down and the thinkers of the next few generations are almost bound to tread.

For science by itself has arrived at an impasse. Briefly and roughly, the situation may be stated thus: Evolution, the bare fact of it, is accepted. But how did, how does it proceed? If wholly, or even in part, by natural selection, there must, in species, have been advantageous and disadvantageous variations in form, capable of being selected and perpetuated. How then did such variations arise? Lamarckism supposes that variations are acquired by use and disuse, and are transmitted by inheritance. Weismannism, on the other hand, declares that variations are entirely fortuitous and are more or less fortuitously conserved. Darwin—as Samuel Butler so shrewdly pointed out years ago—wavered between these two, the only mechanical, *i.e.* physico-chemical, explanations of the evolution of species. And neither of them is satisfactory. They are, indeed, mutually destructive. Osborn has observed that "if acquired variations are transmitted, there must be some unknown principle in heredity; if they are not transmitted, there must be some unknown factor in evolution." That unknown factor Mr. Rolleston seeks.

In either case, the controversy narrows itself down to the living protoplasmic cell (an illustrated account of which Mr. Rolleston gives); for "a modification which does not affect the reproductive cell has no significance in the evolution of species." And every cell appears to include "not only a chemical compound but a chemist." Who, or what, is the chemist? What is the "one constant and universal stimulus to which both the fixity of nature's laws and the plasticity of her mysterious substance may be conceived as a reaction"?

That stimulus, Mr. Rolleston concludes, is the call of life. "We have been led," says he, "to interpret nature as the concrete expression of the will to live, a will which for the first time comes into rational consciousness in man." The reasoning by which he arrives at his Directive Theory of Evolution is so close that it can hardly be summarised at all, let alone here, and perhaps his own analogy of language will best indicate the nature of the theory:

> "The substance of language is sound, as the substance of life is protoplasm. Phonetic laws govern the one as mechanical and chemical laws do the other. But phonetic laws, and the capability of producing sound, could never have made a language. The evolution of language is urged forward by the constant pressure and expansion of human thought; and on human thought, in its turn, it reacts, giving the stimulus and starting-ground for fresh expansion. . . . *As thought acts on language, so the pressure and expansion of the life-impulse acts on the forms of matter.*"

In the chapters on ethics and art, which, though they do not belong to the main thesis, are by no means the least interesting, Mr. Rolleston, on the basis of his theory, defines the ethical ideal as "the life in which there is most of life"; and, combining his own theory with Tolstoy's theory of infectiousness, he considers the arts as the expression and intensification of life.

> "Thus Life, not Beauty, is the mark of art, but beauty is the signal that the mark has been hit . . . Instead, therefore, of the two opposing battle-cries of 'Art for Morals' and 'Art for Art,' let us set that of 'Art for Life.' For Life is greater than either art or morals; it includes and justifies them both."

Mr. Rolleston's ideas, regarded separately, are not most of them new; they are in the air of our time; but his combination of them, his synthesis, is new. Originality demands no more. Unless we are much mistaken, "Parallel Paths" will be regarded to-morrow as one of the pioneer works of to-day. Profoundly stimulating and suggestive, it is also, on account of the epigrammatic quality of its style, thoroughly readable. Seldom indeed do we see so good an argument so well set forth.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

* "The Childhood of Man." By Leo Frobenius. Translated by A. H. Keane. With 415 illustrations. 16s. net. (Seeley & Co.)—"Parallel Paths: A Study in Biology, Ethics, and Art." By T. W. Rolleston. 5s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

A PRIZE NOVEL.*

"First Novel Competitions" are a comparatively modern institution not entirely free from certain objections. Mr. Melrose's enterprise in organising one last year in the grand manner is, however, justified by the result. He offered the munificent prize of two hundred and fifty guineas, and in Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. L. Courtney, and Mr. Clement Shorter secured adjudicators whose integrity and literary qualifications rendered impossible any cavil on the part of disappointed competitors. The prize novel is now before us, and we have no hesitation in saying that it abundantly justifies the competition. For it is precisely one of those books which, but for the adventitious aid of the interest created in it in advance, might secure only a "literary success," or win its way to the popularity it deserves after an unduly long struggle.

"The Faith of his Fathers" is a fine and powerful study of idealism in conflict with hard realities. William Atkinson is a Methodist living in a provincial town among people with the provincial mind. His chief concern is the welfare of his soul and of the soul of his people. The next world is the only one that interests him, and it is to that he always directs the thoughts of his children. And they, a son and a daughter, have not the active spiritual imagination necessary to set their affections on things unseen Atkinson's frequent discussion of his son's soul causes the boy embarrassment, irritation, and indifference. This world is the only one that interests Stephen, and in the very beginning of his making acquaintance with it he falls into sin. The scandal gets abroad; William Atkinson sees but one way whereby Stephen can repair his sin, and insists that he shall marry Flossie, who is the pretty barmaid in a river-side inn. It entails a slow inexorable tragedy, traced with remarkable firmness and restraint by the author. Old Mrs. Atkinson foresees the end, although not in its full horror, from the beginning, and she begins to mistrust and gradually to hate the religion which can work havoc among those she loves. She watches her son's steady deterioration and attributes it all to the religion, operating through Flossie as its unconscious agent. Then the religion threatens to wreck the happiness of the other child, Rachel; she has given her heart to a worthy man, owner of the works in which William Atkinson is employed. But Ransom Philips is not established in the faith; he is next door to an atheist, as Mr. Atkinson understands that term, and the old man insists that Rachel shall resign her love. It is at this point that Mrs. Atkinson's rebellion comes into action; she takes her daughter's side and the marriage takes place, but Rachel leaves England with her husband, and the father and mother are left alone. Then the catastrophe in Stephen's life arrives with a crash; he kills his wife, seeks refuge with his father, and by him is commanded to take the only way to save his soul alive by facing punishment and losing his life, if that must be.

The lesson of the book is, of course, patent; what was lacking from the faith of these fathers was the charity which is the essential feature of the religion shown us by the Son of the God of Love. Mr. Gosse showed us recently in his autobiographical work, "Father and Son," how it affected his life; there, however, the tragedy was limited almost exclusively to the father, and even he got the compensation which comes from consciousness of having kept the faith. In this novel the tragedy wrecks the life of many, and reaches its supreme height in the pathetic mother, a really finely wrought study from life. Miss Jacomb watches from above, as it were, the working of iron forces set in operation by mistaken minds, and she refuses to shrink from the inevitable end. The book holds the attention and the memory. It is a dignified, distinguished, and wholly meritorious performance.

* "The Faith of his Fathers." By A. E. Jacomb. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Emery Walker, ph. sc. **Frederick Lehmann and Nina Lehmann.**

From "Memories of Half a Century," by R. C. Lehmann, M.P. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.*

At first glance it is rather surprising to take up a volume that is to weave the threads of fifty years, yet bears upon its title-page the name of an author some two years older than half a century. We find ourselves forthwith recalling Ruskin's recollections of his third year, and marvelling at the memory of some people. But, in a moment more, we discover these memories are not directly Mr. Lehmann's and relate chiefly to the many and interesting friendships of his father and mother. It is true that he does occasionally venture upon a reminiscence of his own, and one of these we shall presently discuss. Taking the book as a whole, we have to describe it as one of great charm, and of some considerable value among recent works of bookish interest. There is about it something of the fragrance of old lavender. One feels in reading the letters it contains that they have been preserved these fifty years with that loving and old-fashioned care we associate with the scent of the aromatic sprigs.

Mr. Lehmann has indeed been well advised in editing so deftly and arranging with so much literary grace the correspondence of his parents and their wide circle of distinguished friends. While he was fortunate in having for his father and mother two so perfectly mated as Frederick Lehmann, who came of an artistic German family, and Nina Chambers, eldest daughter of Robert Chambers, the celebrated Edinburgh publisher and author, they in turn were fortunate in their friendships with Dickens, Forster, Wilkie Collins, Browning, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Barry Cornwall, Millais, and many others, whose names made the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century rich in literary interest. But Mr. Lehmann's parents were in no remote sense mere friendship-mongers in the literary and artistic world of their time—a class of which we have had enough and to spare, and from whom many a volume of "memories" has sprung. The letters of Mrs. Lehmann here set forth disclose an exponent of "the gentlest art" who would be hard to beat for vivacity and unaffected brightness. The simplest domestic happenings she contrives to invest

* "Memories of Half a Century: A Record of Friendships." Compiled and Edited by R. C. Lehmann, M.P. With Frontispiece. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

with the charm of her own radiant personality, and when she has so quick a subject as a railway accident to describe, the episode is told with a direct force and a quiet play of humour that make one feel the literary gifts of Robert Chambers were shared in no mean degree by his daughter, and might, had she greatly cared, have won for her a worthy name in literature. Her husband, too, wrote with distinction, and here, where both their letters may be read with those of their more famous correspondents, one cannot but confess they gave as good as they received.

Naturally enough, it is to the letters of Dickens and W. H. Wills, the uncle of Mrs. Frederick Lehmann, to those of Wilkie Collins and the other celebrities already mentioned, one is first inclined to turn in fingering these attractive pages. If we cannot say that they add appreciably to our knowledge of their writers, Mr. Lehmann can at least claim for them the value which is intrinsic in all that concerns the lives of people whose names are loved for their having ministered to our intellectual pleasure. Certain of the Dickens letters, however, have a very distinct value in illustrating how closely the great Victorian novelist could apply himself to the details of magazine editorship while engrossed in his own creative work. It is touching Dickens that we venture to quote the following from the very few personal reminiscences of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann:

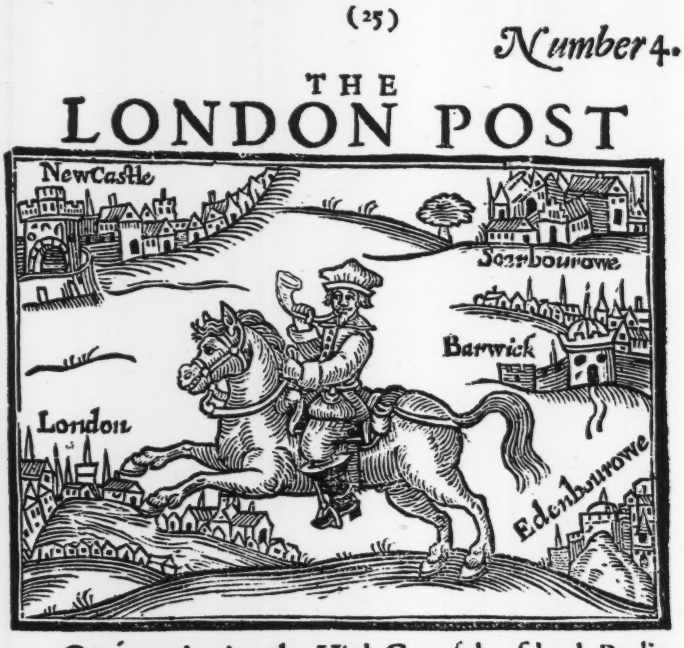
"One memory of Dickens is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can recall the whole scene as if it had happened yesterday. I cannot have been more than six or seven years old when my father and mother took me to one of his readings at, I think, St. James's Hall. First he read the death of Paul Dombey, which left me in floods of tears, and next came the trial-scene from 'Pickwick.' I shall never forget my amazement when he assumed the character of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. The face and figure that I knew, that I had seen on the stage a moment before, seemed to vanish as if by magic, and there appeared instead a fat, pompous, pursy little man, with a plump imbecile face, from which every vestige of good temper and cheerfulness—everything, in fact, except an expression of self-sufficient stupidity—had been removed. The upper lip had become long, the corners of the mouth drooped, the nose was short and podgy, all the angles of the chin had gone, the chin itself had receded into the throat, and the eyes, lately so humorous and human, had become as malicious and obstinate as those of a pig. It was a marvellous effort in transformation."

Memory at times plays strange tricks with most of us, but we can only say that if this marvellously detailed impression of Dickens was consciously registered by a boy of six or seven years, Mr. Lehmann himself was worthy to hold up his head with the best of the illustrious friends of his parents! We should rather incline to ascribe the vivid character of the portrait to the practised pen of the author of fifty portraying what he fancied the boy of seven had seen. But our last word for these "Memories of Half a Century" is that a sunnier or more heartsome book of literary reminiscence has not been published for some time.

J. A. H.

THE BEGINNINGS OF JOURNALISM.*

If prophets and other such were always honoured in their own countries, some sort of medallion or inscription would long since have been placed on the wall at the corner of Pope's Head Alley and Cornhill, for here stood the house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THE
LONDON POST

Communicating the High Counſels of both Parliaments in *England* and *Scotland*, and all other Remarkable paſſages, both Civill and Martiall in his Weekly Travells through the three Kingdoms.

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From Thurſday January the 28 to Thurſday February 4.

THE great buſineſſe is now concluded, and what Forraigne Kingdomes have ſo long attended, and almoſt ſtood on tiptoe to behold, this weeke hath brought to paſſe, which is, the King reſtored in-

D

From "A History of English Journalism." (Longmans.)

that was the birthplace of that most powerful of social and political forces, the British Press. The inventor of the steam-engine has his statues, and it has been considered worth while to write his biography; almost every schoolboy knows that it was Jonas Hanway who introduced the umbrella into general use; but who knows so much as the name of the man who was the first British journalist?

There is entered on the Stationers' Register for May 18, 1622, "A Currant of generall newes. Dated the 14th of May last," and, says Mr. J. B. Williams, "with this entry commences the history of British journalism." The publishers of this first of English periodicals were Thomas Archer, who lived at the corner of Pope's Head Alley, and Nicholas Bourne, whose address was at the Exchange; but nineteen years before that, Archer had made a tentative appearance as a newsmonger, by issuing an account of the sea-fight between the Dutch and Portuguese fleets in the East Indies; therefore one may unhesitatingly yield him the honour of being the father of English journalists.

It is a fascinating story, this that Mr. Williams has to tell. He shows through what difficulties the Press struggled into life, and traces its career from the days of its crude but vigorous infancy to the founding of the *Oxford Gazette*, which in 1666 became the *London Gazette*, and, as such, has remained the official organ of the State ever since. He gives interesting glimpses of those primitive journalists: of Chamberlain, of John Pory, of Thomas Locke, of Nathaniel Butter; of the notable Francis Gaisford, the "Captain Hungry" satirised with such fierce contempt by Ben Jonson in his "Staple of Newes" and his "Newes from

* "A History of English Journalism." By J. B. Williams. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

the New World"; of Henry Muddiman, one of the greatest and most influential writers of news-letters, "the privileged journalist of the Restoration"; and of many another once famous but now ungraciously and ungratefully forgotten.

In his appendices Mr. Williams prints a specimen of a Royalist periodical and of an ordinary news-letter, and supplies a long list of these early journals and the dates during which they were published. He has compiled an historical record that is as interesting as it is valuable, and is to be congratulated on the care and thoroughness with which he has done his work.

MRS. DUDENEY'S NEW NOVEL.*

There should have been no epilogue to "Rachel Lorian." At the end of the eighteenth chapter Rachel has lived through all the poignant tragedy of her life, has reached a quiet backwater of happiness, when her rival, the frivolous, irresponsible widow of the man she had loved, brings her child and gladly surrenders it to her keeping, so bringing into her life a new and tender interest that will keep her happiness from growing stale and flat. Then comes the epilogue, to carry her felicity incalculably beyond that state, to give her more than contentment, to fill her with an abiding ecstasy and make her "certainly the most joyful woman in the whole world." The epilogue is a charming little idyll in itself, but it does not wear the air of truth that is worn by the rest of the story.

At eighteen, with no experience, scarcely knowing her own heart, Rachel marries Francis Lorian. Travelling into Cornwall for the honeymoon, they are involved in a terrible railway accident. Rachel comes through it unhurt, but Francis is mangled and disfigured, and though his life is saved, he remains paralysed, and a hopeless cripple. It makes him bitter, irritable, harsh; he is an incurable invalid and Rachel his nurse, and he may live for fifty years. They have plenty of money; he declares he will never go back to London to be seen again by those who had known him. They take a house on the wild Cornish coast and settle down.

Rachel rebels against her fate, but pity and love prevail with her. Then comes Patrick Rivers, the old, adored friend of her husband, the man Francis talked so much of that she was tired of hearing his name. Meeting him, Rachel recognises that the strain of romance in her husband, the occasional wistful, idealistic outbreaks, all the finer qualities for which she loves him, indeed, are nothing but pale reflections of this wonderful friend of his. Rivers attracts her irresistibly; it is not long before she is wholly in love with him, as he is with her; they frankly admit the fact to each other, but she is stubbornly loyal to the hapless, maimed wretch she has married. She feels herself, and the reader feels, that the burden of this loyalty is impossibly heavy, and she must break down under it, when the sudden death of her husband solves the problem. Or would have done, but she is troubled with remorse that even in thought she should have been unfaithful to him; refuses to marry Rivers at once, and insists that they shall see nothing of each other for a year.

He is reluctantly forced to consent, and when she comes back from travels abroad at the close of the year she learns, by chance, that he has been shamelessly untrue to her, and is so repelled by this that, despite his excuses, promises, and appeals, she goes away and will have nothing further to say to him, and in a freakish fit of rage and recklessness he marries the tawdry, vulgar, soulless creature who had come between them and who had betrayed him to her.

The characters, especially Rachel and Francis; Patrick Rivers; the shy, silent lover, Jeremy Light; the homely, materialistic Unity Ayr, and her gross, good-natured husband, the Major, are admirably realised; they are vividly human and alive. The story has humour, but its keynote is one of tragic intensity, and it is written with such imaginative insight and real power that, if it were not for the inherent unpleasantness of its theme, one would unhesitatingly put it aside among the few novels of the year that may be novels of next year also. A.

* "Rachel Lorian." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Photo by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.
Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

THE MAKING OF POETRY.*

After an interval of some two years, Professor Saintsbury has given to the world the second instalment of the great task which he has set himself of tracing in detail the history of prosody from the time when English had really become English down to the present day. This new volume contains Books V. to VIII., and ranges from the flower-time of the Elizabethan drama to the early glimmerings of the romantic dawn. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden and Pope are the great names in it, but every one with the slightest claim to remembrance is mentioned, detailed treatment being accorded where necessary, as in the cases of Donne and Prior. The period covered includes the rise and decay of dramatic blank verse, the non-dramatic blank verse of "Paradise Lost," the great lyric outburst of the seventeenth century, the Pindaric ode and the triumph of the heroic couplet. Nor are Professor Saintsbury's own predecessors, the earlier prosodists, neglected, a chapter being assigned them at the end of each book. Few except its author would have had the capacity or the courage for the undertaking.

Such a work as this might have been very dull reading indeed, and its appeal in any case could not be expected to reach far outside the little circle of avowed students

* "A History of English Prosody." By George Saintsbury. Vol. II. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

of prosody. Professor Saintsbury has, however, contrived to write a book which can hardly fail to interest all who are in the least degree concerned with poetry from the historical side. He is not one of those pedants who spend their time splitting hairs over accent and stress, and quarrelling about little questions of nomenclature. Although by the mere fact of writing its history he has acknowledged the existence of a science of versification, poetry is to him first and foremost an art. He recognises that the appeal to the ear is what matters, and he invariably applies the oral test to the scansion of lines. His excellent practice is to let the poets speak for themselves, and not the least valuable feature of the book is the copious illustrative quotation in text and footnote. These with the author's pointed and illuminating comments are worth all the theorising in the world. Moreover, they make the book far easier to read, and in some places it resembles a pleasant anthology. This is meant as no disparagement to Professor Saintsbury's own work. His writing is always vigorous and entertaining, and it is no particular demerit that in the present case it is less polyglot and neologistic than sometimes heretofore.

After reading this excellent volume, one is impatient for the next, to see what the author has to say of the great verse-masters of the nineteenth century.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.*

It was high time that an "authoritative" biography of the late Sir Isaac Pitman should appear, and Mr. Alfred Baker's volume, compiled from the family papers, gives us for the first time a complete story of a most interesting and useful career. Into the intricacies of that system of short-hand with which the name of Pitman must ever be associated we do not propose here to enter. Let it suffice to say that Mr. (as he then was) Pitman first published his system in 1837, when he was but a young man of twenty-four, and that he laboured uninterruptedly at his work till up to within a very few years of his death in 1897. During those long years improvements were of course introduced into the original system, but no greater testimony to the intrinsic soundness of Sir Isaac's idea can be adduced than that so few alterations, relatively speaking, should have been found necessary.

If Goethe (was it not he?) is right in defining genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains, Sir Isaac Pitman was a genius beyond all doubt. He himself wrote that "from 1843 to 1861 I laboured at the cause from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and literally never took a day's holiday, or felt that I wanted one," and later he was able to boast that for forty years he had been in his office at six in the morning, both summer and winter. Small wonder, perhaps, that legends of his untiring habits of work and simple life were freely circulated, and that at one period rumour pointed to him as being scarcely in his right mind. This extraordinary capacity for toil was manifested early. In 1835 he wrote to the firm of Bagster & Son and offered to correct mistakes in their "Comprehensive Bible." "Some idea of the magnitude of the self-imposed task may," as Mr. Baker remarks, "be gathered from the fact that the marginal references in the work amount to a total of five hundred thousand." Sir Isaac calculated that he could accomplish his task in three years. As a matter of fact he completed it within that time after having spent, at an estimate, "at least five thousand hours of the closest mental and physical application." It is certainly worth adding that Sir Isaac Pitman, having volunteered to perform the task, firmly declined to accept any payment, though Mr. Bagster offered to give him any sum which he might name for his services.

At this period Sir Isaac, who had begun life as the son of a hand-loom weaver, was a school-teacher, and before the revision of the Bible was completed he had already hit upon his great idea of phonetic shorthand. Now that fuller knowledge of the utility and limitations of the system has come to us, it is most amusing to read of some of the extravagant opposition and praise with which Sir Isaac's discovery was hailed. For example the Rev. Edward Bickersteth (father of Dr. Bickersteth, sometime Bishop of Exeter), in his book entitled "The Promised Glory of the Church," classed Phonography—

> "with other things which he denounced as 'stalking-horses behind which the most Satanic lies and the most absurd blasphemies are sent forth against the Word of God.' The reverend gentleman received an assurance that nothing was further from the thoughts of its inventor, at any rate, than to dishonour the Divine Word, and Mr. Bickersteth readily withdrew Phonography from the black list in the second edition of his book."

Sir Isaac's labour received not a little assistance from the co-operation of such distinguished advocates of spelling reform as Professor Max Müller, and despite all opposition Sir Isaac Pitman was able to watch the continuous growth of his work. Lord Rosebery had long been an enthusiastic admirer of the man whom he once described as "the venerated father of one system of shorthand," and, on becoming Prime Minister, he gave effect to this admiration by procuring for Sir Isaac the honour of a knighthood. That it was well deserved cannot be doubted for a moment by any of those who read the story of this both useful and singularly disinterested career. To the latter adjective we would call especial attention. Sir Isaac Pitman was anything but a man who loved to thrust himself forward, and the same spirit of restraint seems to have descended upon the author of this book, which, while doing justice to its subject, is written in a clear, straightforward style, and is commendably free from the exaggerated adulation of the average biographer.

* "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." By Alfred Baker. 7s. 6d. (Pitman.)

The Birthplace of Phonography.
Isaac Pitman's house at Wotton-under-Edge.
From "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." (Pitman.)

A RE-CREATED PAST.*

"Nothing is so interesting," says the author somewhere in his first volume, "as knowing how things were." "Especially," we might add, "when the chronicler presents and arranges his facts with such art as M. Lenotre has at command." He is, as his translator, Mr. Lees, points out, "a master in the art of graphic presentation." The present work, first published as *Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers*, contains a score or more studies of character, the subjects men and women, of all classes in society, whom the frightful social upheaval of the French Revolution cast up into the glare of notoriety. M. Lenotre is "a worshipper of ancient papers, hidden away in family chests or in the musty office archives of Parisian and provincial notaries, a worshipper of prisons whence famous people of revolutionary times were led away to the guillotine, or where they found protection from the scaffold, but especially of old houses with curious and well-nigh forgotten histories." He declares that "old buildings possess a kind of soul, a soul composite of the happiness and suffering which people have experienced in them, and of all sorts of ever dead, yet living things. The most familiar details connected with them have a suggestive charm." He has an extraordinary dramatic instinct, noticeable over and over again in these papers, and he has used it to good effect in two successful historical plays, "Colinette" and "Varennes," the last of which was produced by Sarah Bernhardt. The study among these before us that best displays this power is that on Savalette de Langes, the man-woman. Perhaps the most important, considered historically, is the discussion of the woman Simon's case. There would seem to be hardly room for doubt that the Dauphin was smuggled out of the Temple prison. What became of him afterwards no man knows or is likely to know. Convincing are the studies of some of the monsters of the Convention, typical of whom were Fouquier-Tinville and the cripple Couthon, of romantic adventurers like Baron Géramb, of writers for the press like Desmoulins and St. Just. There are interesting sidelights, too, on the last days of André Chénier, and a most thrilling description of Sidney Smith's escape from prison. Of Hébert, "Père Duchesne," we learn that he married a secularised monk, Françoise Goupil. Among her effects, preserved from her childhood, was an engraving representing the supper at Emmaus. It was prudence, and not profanity, as M. Lenotre points out, that prompted her husband to write on the margin: "The *sans-culotte* Jesus supping with two of his disciples in the *château* of a *ci-devant*." Space forbids more than a mention of the papers on Madame du Barry, on Charlotte de Robespierre, Mlle. Montansier, and other famous ladies of the period. These volumes are far and away ahead of the ordinary biographical studies of the day. While relying on M. Lenotre's accuracy, one can find truth, from his pen, vastly more entertaining than most fiction.

A. G.

LADY DARLINGTON AND OTHERS.†

This book, with its alliterative title, its gaudy cover, and its many well-chosen illustrations, would not at a first glance seem to call for extended notice. It consists of popularly written sketches of the lives of the Duchesse de Châteauroux, the Duchess of Kendal, Catherine II. of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, the Comtesse de Lamotte, the Duchesse de Polignac, and Lola Montez; and the author with admirable frankness avows that he has nothing new to relate of these frail women. Alone in connection with his article on Ehrengard Melusine, Duchess of Kendal, Mr. Trowbridge has, he states in his preface, been fortunate enough to be introduced to "certain information which quite upsets all preconceived notions of Lady Darlington," and which, he might have added, shows George I. in a far more favourable light than he is usually seen.

Let us examine this new matter. Sophia, Lady Darlington, was the daughter of the Elector Ernest Augustus by his mistress, Clara Elisabeth, Countess von Platen, and so was the half-sister of George I.

> "The relationship by no means prevented her mother, as to whom there was never any doubt, from bringing her to Herrenhausen when she grew up for the express purpose of captivating her brother. Such nightmare morals were entirely in keeping with the characters of all concerned, and quite common in the semi-civilised courts of the Holy Roman Empire. George had succumbed as the terrible Countess von Platen meant him to, and the result of this monstrous intrigue was a daughter who in later years became the mother, in lawful wedlock, of the celebrated Admiral Howe. As a concession to appearances, to which she never afterwards gave the slightest thought, Madame de Kielmansegg had married the man by whose name she was known in order to provide her child with a legitimate father. Shortly after this event she had inherited a large fortune from her mother."

This is one passage in Mr. Trowbridge's book, and it is quoted as an example of how history is written. Mr. Trowbridge's new information is to the effect that Lady Darlington was never the mistress of George I. This is important, but it is not quite so new as he thinks, for Carlyle refers to the matter in "Frederick the Great," and Dr. A. W. Ward refutes the slander in his admirable monograph on "The Electress Sophia," published five years ago—even the popular historian of the first Hanoverian kings of England might be expected to consult these works; but they do not appear in the printed list of Mr. Trowbridge's "Sources." There is, as a matter of fact, no reason whatever to suppose that there was any suspicion attaching to the paternity of the daughter, who married Viscount Howe.

Even in minor matters Mr. Trowbridge is inaccurate: it was not shortly after the birth of her child that Lady Darlington, as we may call her for the sake of simplicity, inherited her mother's fortune, but actually before she married Kielmansegg, the union having been postponed first on account of the Countess's illness and then of the death. Again, Mr. Trowbridge's description of Lady Darlington's appearance is not to be relied on. He quotes Horace Walpole, who wrote of her looks sixty-three years after her death, and then on the strength of a childish impression. As a matter of fact she was a woman with considerable claim to beauty, and the portrait reproduced in this book contradicts the author's statement as to her personal appearance.

After this, what trust are we to put in Mr. Trowbridge's picture of "a middle-aged, grotesque Elector [George I.] with an abnormal lust for hideous women"? Who were these hideous women? Lady Darlington, who was not his mistress? or the Duchess of Kendal, who, in spite of the Electress Sophia's spiteful comment, was a fine figure of a woman in her youth? Mr. Trowbridge tells us that George was perfectly content in his electorate—which is true enough; but he adds that on the death of Anne "it took the English envoys, with the aid of the rapacity suddenly awakened in the electoral court, three weeks to prevail upon him to set out for his kingdom"—which is false. Indeed, the latter statement argues ignorance of the true state of affairs. Hanover was at that time an important state—though this has never been generally recognised by the British public—and the Elector, before leaving his beloved Herrenhausen for St. James's, had many arrangements to make for the administration of affairs during his absence, to appoint a Council of Regency, and to organise the suite that was to accompany him to England; as well as to receive innumerable official and unofficial visitors, and princes and envoys from all parts of Europe, the bearers of messages of condolence and congratulation from the

* "Romances of the French Revolution." By G. Lenotre. Translated by Frederic Lees. 2 vols. 20s. net. (Heinemann.)

† "Seven Splendid Sinners." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

reigning houses, great and small. Indeed, to attempt to write an accurate account of George I. and his Hanoverian court merely on the authority of the reports of John Toland (not Tolland, as Mr. Trowbridge writes) and a translation of the Electress Sophia's journal, together with a few memoirs by Englishmen who had never been to Hanover, is impossible; and it is a pity Mr. Trowbridge has not thought it worth while to consult, among the rest, the letters and writings of Leibnitz, the Duchess of Orleans, Köcher, Schaumann, Vehse, and Malortie.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE CORSICAN SISTERS.*

Modern French writers, among them not a few Bonapartists, Masson, Chuquet, Larrey, Turquan, Rocca, Taine (the friend of the Princesse Mathilde—until he described Corsican progenitors, too dryly it seemed, as unwashed), have set the example of valeting and keyholing the family of Napoleon. The increasing number of Napoleolaters on this side of the Channel justifies the translation of such works into English, and with a mild shrug we apply our eye to the keyhole. Petty details about heroes are always amusing—the family life of the Borgias, Frederic playing the flute, Charles V. at Yuste, Nelson and Lady Hamilton, Wellington and his truckle bed, the meannesses of Marlborough, the amorous foibles of Maurice de Saxe—these things have always been exceedingly diverting, if not always edifying.

It is idle to deny that Napoleon would have cut a far greater figure had he left alone his attempt to outshine the court of Versailles. In his cocked hat and grey redingote, as *le petit caporal*, he commands a respect from us which he goes far to lose when he appears in silk stockings, satin shoes, and the ridiculous petticoats of the Imperial Coronation scene. The extravagant costumes of Josephine, Pauline and the rest, the tyranny of etiquette, the foppery of court pages and ushers—such toys tended to make of Napoleon himself a veritable *roi des colifichets* and to harden even that adamantine heart against the sympathy it should have felt for brave men in the field.

What to do with their family is a problem that all parvenus have to face, and a very unpleasing problem it generally is. The best of popes have found it rather too much for them in the end. Had Napoleon looked across the Atlantic, he would have found better models. But as it was, he mismanaged "the family," by which he was obsessed as much as if he had been a Stuart Pretender, from the outset. He laid down elaborate rules for their guidance or commented cynically upon their fecklessness; but when it came to the point he could refuse them nothing. The family who had taken shipping from Ajaccio in 1793 in a condition of semi-starvation were in a few years to be playing at "general post" among the thrones of Europe. Napoleon tried to make dynastic use of them. He treated them with the same ironical indulgence that Captain Reece, R.N., treated his crew. He soothed them when fractious by promises of crowns as bonbons, with toy armies for crackers. They treated his favours as rights. To hear Joseph talk, as Napoleon once observed, the world would have thought that an ambitious younger brother was keeping him out of an ancestral throne.

Napoleon himself, as Mme. de Remusat shows, cut a poor figure in his endeavour to compete with the First Gentleman in Europe; but his sisters were almost entirely commonplace, crowned courtesans, shameless, unscrupulous, tigerishly jealous and rapacious. The régime of Napoleon, as both these books show, may well have owed its fall, in part, to the wretched intrigues, parties, cabals, swelled heads, and private dynastic interests of these gay ladies.

The pen of a Balzac would be necessary to describe with an adequate psychology the rise, the superb acme, and the humiliating decline of these vain, arrogant, frivolous, and utterly selfish beings. It is perhaps rather a mean and banal pleasure, that of peeping into the recesses of their private history. This history is discreditable not only to them and to the whole tribe of parvenus, but discreditable even to human nature.

Few middle-class women of the Bonaparte standing, few poor women, I imagine, taken at random, would not have shown more common humanity, more forbearance, more womanly sweetness and graciousness, more humour in the novelty of so amazing an elevation, than did Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. Their contempt for decorum and for their diplomatic husbands could easily have been forgiven, but not so their treachery, or the venom which they never wearied of darting at Josephine, or the effrontery of their avarice, which a play like "The Duchess of Dantzig" entirely fails to burlesque. The sheer bad manners of Elisa and Caroline end by inspiring one with horror. Pauline is such a complete *étourdie*, so pretty a madcap, that one partially forgives her. She had, too, an element of generosity for which we might search in vain among her sisters. She made over a casket of jewels to Napoleon in the time of his greatest need, and this casket was captured in his carriage at Waterloo. She sacrificed several matches to the Bonaparte ambition, but the scandals to which her affairs as a *grande amoureuse* gave rise and the extravagance, exceeding that of a Thais, for which she was responsible must have embarrassed Napoleon not a little.

Elisa was the most domineering and also the most literary of the sisters—a "Duchesse de Maine," Napoleon sneeringly called her. She aspired first to maintain an Hôtel de Rambouillet, and then a military household after the strictest models. Her apery of Napoleon is in a high degree entertaining: she fancied she had the Napoleonic glance, and so we find her holding reviews, manœuvring cavalry, and browbeating generals in the most approved fashion. Caroline, to whom external fortune was kindest, was the *âme damnée*, cruel, treacherous, insolent in her prosperity, grasping to the end. Through every base intrigue she kept her eyes coldly fixed upon the main chance of a crown falling into her lap. Her intrigues with Junot had important effects for England, and her treachery in 1813 pierced Napoleon to the heart. The soap-boiler's daughter who married Joseph, the barmaid who wedded Lucien, were angels of light when compared with these lineal descendants of Regan and Goneril.

The corroding effects of unlicensed power upon the human "trigonometry" has seldom been laid so completely bare as in the case of the family of this petty Corsican attorney. The mother Lætitia alone was too old to be seriously changed by an accession of fortune so dazzlingly unprecedented. From the first she realised that there must be "some catch in it" and clearly apprehended disaster as the unfailing termination to such a long sequence of trumps. To the end she remained shrewd, strong, loyal, devoted, jealous, revengeful, and as energetic as she was far-sighted. She constantly regretted Corsica. But her darling passion was avarice. Money was her consolation. She doted on the yellow metal, hoarded it, invested it prudently in England and America, and to the last, at Elba and in Rome, she held the money-bags.

What a theme for a new Carlyle is this mad rout of emancipated shop assistants (the young ladies of Dobson's would shame them in deportment), this shallow, sordid exhibition of ill-taught marionettes in which the puppets are all crowned. Above all, what an ugly reflex it throws upon the glamour of Napoleon. Whenever he enters into these narratives, he is generally spoken of with bated breath as a kind of superior being. And by undiscerning worshippers

* "The Sisters of Napoleon: Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte." By Joseph Turquan. Translated and edited by W. H. R. Trowbridge. 34 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Unwin.)—"The Woman Bonapartes: The Mother and Three Sisters of Napoleon I." By H. Noel Williams. 2 vols. 36 Illustrations. 24s. (Methuen.)

such a volume of detail may be thought to contribute to the canonisation of their hero. Most people have gone through an acute phase of Napoleon-worship. The baseness and vulgarity of the Imperial Court was such a disagreeable subject of retrospect to many of the participators in its mummeries that the magnetism of Napoleon, which might be interpreted to extenuate anything, became a subject of competitive exaggeration among a whole tribe of memoir writers. To magnify while multiplying details of this demigod became the safest of all avenues to literary success, and when we find such a thinker and historian as Taine foremost among the miracle-mongers, we may be excused a little temporary hallucination. But the real result of this strenuous attempt to enlarge the roof of the Napoleonic legend is to let far too much daylight in upon it; for white light is the one thing that it cannot stand. The Napoleonic legend has points in common with a religion. It contains many beauties, some great beauties. There is a kernel of truth in it. Napoleon was one of the cleverest of mankind. His talk and correspondence amply prove it. On all the segment of his legend that concerns his activity as *tête d'armée*, the bridge of Arcola, "C'est l'Empereur!" etc., etc., one would be sorry to disintegrate the wonderful process of crystallisation. For it is a saddened and chastened mind which comes to the realisation of the truth of Anatole France's proposition that the real Napoleon le Petit after all was not Napoleon III. but Napoleon I., or the exquisite (underlying) irony of Talleyrand's "Sad it was that so *great* a man should have been so ill-bred." As the old hidalgo said to the King of Spain when he was about to put his head into the lion's mouth at Bayonne: "Go home and read Plutarch. He'll tell you what heroes are!" "True greatness," says the sage, "wears an invisible cloak."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

LADY LETTY BRANDON. By Annie E. Holdsworth. 6s. (John Long.)

Is it possible that Sir Wentworth Brandon could see his wife in his own house in one hour, and the next come upon her in a cottage on the borders of his estate and be deluded into taking her for her sister? If it could really happen once, could the deception be sustained—could she be going and staying in the cottage daily as her own sister, and yet contrive in the intervals to appear at her husband's house, receive his guests at dinner, and fulfil all her social duties as Lady Letty? The reader should read the book and decide the point for himself. Any summary of the plot would only make it seem more unlikely than it really is, and the story is so attractively written that, probable or not, it is well worth reading. "Love is never given," says old Lady Stornmouth. "You have to pay for it. When you find it, don't haggle over the price. Pay down like a man. It's always worth what it costs." The advice is offered to Maurice Brooke, the artist, and he and Lady Letty prove the value of it. She is prepared to pay in full, but he haggles over the price, and in the end pays heavily, but loses what he has paid for. The dialogue is clever and natural; the book sparkles with epigrams, and is unfailingly interesting.

HENRY OF NAVARRE. By May Wynne. 6s. (Greening.)

This is a picturesque and vividly written romance founded on the play of the same name that is now being presented at the New Theatre by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. It opens with Henry's arrival in Paris three days before the day fixed for his marriage with the King's sister, Margaret de Valois, and it ends amid terror and tumult with the massacre of the Huguenots on the night of St. Bartholomew. In the interval there has been no lack of gallant adventure, of love and fighting, and intrigue and counter-intrigue; one incident is not ended before another has begun to happen, and never for a moment is the interest of the reader allowed to flag. Miss Wynne has drawn her characters with uncommon skill; Henry, and Margaret, the irresolute King Charles, the merciless Queen-Mother, Catherine de Medici—all the chief persons of the tale are boldly and ably individualised. It is a capital historical story, cleverly and imaginatively written; the sort of book that is simply bound to be popular.

JOYCE PLEASANTRY, and Other Stories. By G. R. Sims. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. George R. Sims has a large and appreciative public; and that public will find in his latest collection of short stories all the elements of pleasing entertainment they are accustomed to expect from him. "Joyce Pleasantry" is the longest of the ten tales gathered together in this volume. It is a strong though somewhat naïve piece of fiction, set in early Victorian days, and compounded effectively of dishonest lawyer, gracious and beautiful daughter, wandering minstrel, long-lost son, old squire and new. It has a genial touch about it which is very welcome; and most of its present companions are written in the same pleasantly idealistic spirit—"The Motor-car of Santa Claus," "The Magic Toys" (a storyette of adventurous childhood and a burgled Murillo), "The Wassail Song," "Joan Grandilees," and "A Shilling a Night." The other four stories treat of middle-class and working-class life in Mr. Sims's characteristically dramatic style; and Bridget Maguire is a really powerful and pathetic sketch of an old Irishwoman in conflict with the spirit of progress as embodied in the London County Council and its policy of slum clearances. An unpretentious budget, "Joyce Pleasantry, and Other Stories".

Miss May Wynne.

is fuller of knowledge and sympathy and good workmanship than many more ambitious volumes; and it should find a large body of admiring readers.

THE POWER OF A LIE. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by Jessie Muir, with an Introduction by Hall Caine. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

From a Northern writer one has at least learnt to expect artistic restraint in fiction, an avoidance of the obvious, a cutting away of irrelevancies. Here one is not disappointed. The story of Knut Norby's sin is outlined in drama, intense, vivid, repressed, and with a moral that is, if not altogether absent, at least elusive. The working out of the consequences that ensue from Norby's initial sin effect the salvation of his own soul and the utter wreck and ruin of the soul of a wronged and innocent man. Wangen, a merchant, fails, and Norby, who had signed for him a guarantee of 2,000 krones, repudiates his liability, and declares the signature a forgery. He had never intended at first to go back on his word, he is drawn into taking up such a position, shirking the task of clearing up the misunderstanding immediately for fear of what his wife, his rival, his neighbours, will say. The clear-headed man of business Norby go bail for a weak and irresponsible dreamer like Wangen! Impossible. Every week and every day that pass before the actual prosecution comes on make the admission more difficult, and not until he is in the courthouse itself does he definitely decide to commit perjury and crush the unfortunate Wangen. With the decision comes an amazing consciousness of perfect innocence. Wangen too, driven to desperation, forges a letter from a friend to help his case. This forgery is apparent, if the first was doubtful, and the prisoner is convicted and sentenced. Thus Norby is fêted by his neighbours, the traitor Wangen is reviled. The innocent man is broken, the guilty uplifted, apotheosised. And Norby *is* a better man for the strain he has been through. Envy, bitterness, and hate of his rivals have vanished. His heart warms towards his relations, towards his servants, towards the poor. In an atmosphere of good works and family love, with a soul at peace, he takes up his life again, a nobler man than on the day he signed the guarantee. There is something vital, something intensely suggestive and disturbing, about such a book. The author never fails of his effect. One is impressed by the fact that his work has lost but little in translation, and we make our sincere and grateful acknowledgments to the lady who is responsible for the book as we read it.

LOVE'S MAGIC. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Miss Opal Fielden gets as varied an education as the colours of the stone after which she is called. Three different aunts train her for six years apiece, and then Great-Aunt Jane, an extremely witty and worldly dame, launches her into society. Opal has her lovers. That is the story. It is a wonder that she manages them and herself so well, after the conglomerate training she has received. But her nature is sound, and she finds her mate ultimately before she has singed her wings very seriously. Mrs. Reynolds has written a tale of vivacity and at the same time of poignant feeling. The opening of the story drags slightly. But later on the reader is impressed by the admirable delineation of the heroine's nature, as she passes from girlhood to womanhood, and by the characterisation of the men, good and bad, who appear upon the scene. Clement Doone, the witty man of letters, and Paul Wrainton, the unprincipled traveller (not a commercial one, by the way), serve as a foil to Mark Trent. These three, with Aunt Jane's degenerate son, live and move on the front of the stage, and the reader sees them as if they were living. Mrs. Reynolds drops occasionally into a rhapsodic sort of style, perhaps under the influence of Opal's magical charm. But her pages are delightful reading—the more delightful that they imply sound pathos and depth of feeling.

THE GHOST KINGS. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Haggard is still among the Zulus, and still dabbling in fantastic, eerie experiences. His heroine is the handsome daughter of a missionary, who is hailed by a tribe of savages as the incarnation of their tutelary spirit. A reputation of this sort naturally leads to inconveniences, and Rachel's position is aggravated by the unwelcome attentions of a half-caste trader. But there is a hero, of course. In this case it is the heroine who delivers the hero from his final peril. Still, this is a detail, and the story ends with marriage on the horizon. The descriptions of the dwarf-tribe in the African jungle and of the Zulu band are done in Mr Haggard's best style. The introduction of queer visions and trances is perhaps responsible for a certain tinge of unreality through the story, but anything is better than the opposite quality of realism which in South African stories is so often manufactured out of tirades against Boers and Kaffirs and missionaries. Mr. Haggard, in this romance, eschews these cheap expedients. It is a tale of unabashed excitement and adventure, not equal to his earliest books by any means, but upon the whole more convincing than some of the stories he has recently been producing.

THE WAYS OF MEN. By Herbert Flowerdew. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Bad laws are good for the novelist; every improvement in them deprives him of useful material. Mr. Herbert Flowerdew's new novel dates back to a time shortly before the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill; if that Bill had been passed sooner most of his heroine's misfortunes could never have come upon her. Clarice Ellerslie is half in love with the brilliant, careless journalist Denzyl Carmyn; some while before, she had been wholly in love with Aaron

Photo by Schmidt, Cliftonville.

Mr. Herbert Flowerdew.

Harbinger, but her mother and sister had tricked him into marrying the latter, who is lying now on her death-bed. She confesses this to Clarice; says she knows Aaron is still in love with her, and begs her, when she is dead, to marry him and make him happy. Aaron himself carries matters with a high hand; he is a strong-willed, resolute fellow, and makes passionate love to Clarice whilst his wife lies dead upstairs; he boldly defies Denzil and tells him he intends to make Clarice his wife in defiance of them all, and he carries out his design. Towards the end of the honeymoon news comes of the dangerous illness of his father, and he leaves Clarice out in Switzerland and hurries home. He shrinks from telling of his second marriage, being unaware that Clarice's meddlesome clerical uncle has already spread news of it; and his father is anxious that he should marry the daughter of a man whom he had greatly wronged in earlier years. Aaron refuses, and as a consequence the father makes a will leaving practically all his wealth to this girl until such time as Aaron has a legitimate son born to him. Mr. Flowerdew finds a way out of this tangle very ingeniously; it would not be fair to say more than that his marriage and his son prove to be entirely legitimate, and therefore his father's fortune comes back to him, but before this happy end is arrived at Clarice has suffered agonies of shame and fear, has been cast off by her relatives and ostracised by her friends. A capital romance of its kind, and one that may be unreservedly recommended to all lovers of a good story of sentiment and sensation.

WROTH. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Lord Wroth, the hero of this vivid novel, is unlike the nobleman of the same name who is commemorated by Ben Jonson. His tastes are not rural. He is a stormy youth, passionately indulging his scorn of women and morals and the Church, when, all of a sudden, the incomparable Juliana flashes upon his vision. Juliana eventually becomes a young widow, rich and handsome, but a series of mis-adventures, some of them absurdly improbable, prevent Wroth from marrying her, or, rather, from winning her respect. We are not going to give the story away by sketching its plot, especially as the pivot of that plot is weak. Juliana's conduct at, and after, her second marriage verges on silliness. But a reviewer can call attention to the admirable delineation of the two leading characters, with their stormy pride and hot passions. The scene changes from Italy to England, back and forwards. No slackening of the interest occurs. And when the conclusion is reached, it is after a thoroughly romantic series of passages. The old French Count Spiridion, with his chivalrous love for Juliana, is a capital foil to the general unrest of the leading characters, with their whirl of emotion and their quixotic compound of misery and happiness.

YRIVAND: A Novel of Rustic Norwegian Life. By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

In the course of the six discursive pages which form the dedication of this book to the Countess de Solages, the author moralises upon the fact that the Norwegian tongue does not lend itself to expletives. "If it could have been admitted to the present book I should have snapped my fingers at the waywardness of the Norwegians who are so unorthodox as not to swear." Mr. Baerlein humorously attributes to this perverse continence of speech "the lamentable lack of strength which you will notice in the language of this book." The reader would be grateful if the author had really snapped his fingers, or done something intelligible and vivid, in this tale. Yrivand is a Norwegian village. But the reader does not go far before he feels that this is a mad, misty world into which Mr. Baerlein seeks to introduce him. There is pathos in some of the characters, humour in others. The author maintains an attitude of whimsical interest in them. But the general impression left by the novel is that of a blurred panorama. Mr. Baerlein has gifts of insight and description. It is a pity that these do not carry with them the knack of story-telling. "Yrivand" is a study rather than a story.

DESIRE. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

Miss Silberrad writes well, and her latest novel is an exceptionally fine piece of work, strong and sincere all the way through. Desire is a woman cast in heroic mould, fashioned and shaped by an author who has learnt to observe the play of motives and the making of character. But it is not the author we think about in reading the book, it is the people so alive before us in whom we are interested. Desire herself, first, frank, courageous, kindly and altogether human. A great woman, good to meet, and better to know—a woman to keep alive hope and confidence in the race. Then Peter Grimstone, patient, plodding, faithful man; brave, too, and no fool—loyal to his friends, because loyal to himself: one who had mastered "the hard-learnt lesson that work well done is better than work self-chosen, better than the success which may or may not crown it." Excellent too are the smaller characters, old Ezra Grimstone and his wife, Robert and Bolt, the pottery workers, and Julian Lee. The utter want of sympathy with people like Lady Quebell, Alexander Grimstone, and Mrs. Alexander prevents the author from doing justice to such persons, and the result is they are altogether unlovely. But great art means great understanding, and Miss Silberrad, as her powers increase, will find there is now no room for absolutely black humanity in novels that are to rank as literature.

THE LONG ARM. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

No sensational novelist of to-day writes better, it may be doubted whether more than one other writes so well as Mr. Oppenheim. He always has a good tale to tell, and he always tells it cleverly. "The Long Arm" is the story of a great revenge. Mannister is duped and wronged and nearly ruined by men whom he had thought his friends. There are eight of them; and as soon as he rallies and recovers himself he devotes his time and money and energies to taking stern and ruthless vengeance on them all. He enters their names on a list, and hunts them down in turn; some of them learn of his pursuit and go in horrible fear of him until the blow falls; some of them believe he has forgiven them, and has renewed the old friendship, and just when he seems friendliest he hits, and hits hard. He forgives only one, and that one a woman. Melodrama, of course, but excellent melodrama; the characters are drawn with great skill, and the whole thing is vivid and alive with interest.

THE ALTAR STAIRS. By G. B. Lancaster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Few novels—surprisingly few—have been inspired by the romance and heroism of missionary enterprise. "The Altar Stairs" is one of the best of this few. The picturesque tragi-comedy of the life of the fisher of men and the dull agony of that lonely routine which is an equally essential part of the process of commending the faith to the heathen, alike are brought out finely in Mr. Lancaster's story. Much of the detail of the narrative, we gather, has been gleaned from Prebendary Codrington's "Melanesian Anthropology and Folk-lore," but to this has been added a remarkable degree of imagination and an unusual gift of characterisation. The Pacific lives again, under the graphic pen of our author; the men and women of the tale are vital human beings. "The Altar Stairs" would be worth the reading for its brilliant descriptions of nature and social life in Noumea and its neighbours; Rod

Maclean, the Australian adventurer, who stands for the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; Strickland, the muscular Christian, who symbolises to the native mind the Unknown God; these and the others interest us as convincingly as our personal friends, and their conflict and their eventual understanding the one of the other make up a tale at once absorbing and natural.

The Bookman's Table.

SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG. By E. M. Bishop. (Gay & Hancock.)

This small volume is compact of courage and high-hearted spiritual vigour. It sparkles here and there with humour and youthful gaiety, but now and again expresses with incisive force some philosophic truth or deep-lying fact of human life, suggested by ripe experience rather than by the light-hearted theories of a novice. There is, for instance, that weighty sentence in which the author reminds us that "it is a primary tenet of psychology that high thinking counts for little, and strong emotion for less than nothing (because it weakens the character), *unless they are carried over into some concrete activity.*" That sounds like an over-statement, since there are healthy activities which can scarcely be described as "*concrete*," and noble emotions which may invigorate the will; but the warning it contains is clear enough and strong enough for all practical purposes. Equally sombre in its grip of actualities is that other sentence in which it is written that "it is a tragedy, silent and terrible, to be young in spirit and old in body; to have the desire and ambition to do as the mature-young do, the desire to be an active factor in the world's arena of accomplishment, but to be prohibited by an infirm, worn, or painfully rebellious body. It is in very truth 'a house divided against itself.'" The book urges that wise "life in the spirit" which so controls and guides the body as not only to keep the "child's heart" through all the days of this earthly journeying, but also much of that physical energy and mental alertness more often associated with youth than with "threescore years and ten." In scanning its pages a question may force itself upon the reader as to whether the eager avoidance of "ruts"—an avoidance continually and emphatically urged by the author—may not, if pursued in the manner she indicates, result in a restlessness of demeanour and of soul, a simulation of immature and volatile charm, really far less beautiful and impressive than the sympathetic repose and well-poised wisdom of a perfect and beloved old age. But it is a book full of refreshment and of charm, a gay, sweet-natured book, in which the results of wide reading and manifold study are expressed with singular simplicity and attractiveness.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SURREY. By Eric Parker. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Of all English roads, as Mr. Parker reminds us at the outset, the great highway of Southern England that runs from the Straits of Dover to Salisbury Plain "has carried the longest pageant." It "saw the beginnings of English history" and has been trodden by forgotten Phœnician traders, by Cæsar and his legionaries, by the Conqueror and his triumphant army, by the Canterbury Pilgrims, by historical figures of peace and war down the generations in endless procession. Mr. Parker has one of the most interesting of English counties for his theme, and he describes its towns and villages, its pleasant landscapes and old ruins, and tells of the great stories and traditions that have become part of its atmosphere and inheritance vividly and entertainingly. This is one of the most varied and attractive of the "Highways and Byways" Series, and chief among its attractions are Mr. Hugh Thomson's charming drawings—as cleverly simple, as full of delicacy and feeling, as any in this kind that he has ever given us.

THE CATHEDRALS OF NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK. By T. Francis Bumpus. 16s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Bumpus wanders from the subject: on the way to Denmark he lingers at various German cathedrals, such as Osnabrück the alluring and Lübeck the glorious; on the isle of God's Land—which appears to be the meaning of Gottland—he does not permit his enthusiasm for the churches and the ancient wall to make him blind to the amenities of life on God's Land; a green quilted coverlet awaits you there, as well as a bouquet upon the little dressing-table. But one must not think that Mr. Bumpus is merely a pleasant gossip. When it comes to describing a cathedral such as Trondhjem he can be as accurate and expert as is possible, but he is unable to be dull. Nor is there any padding in this large, well-illustrated volume. There is such a lot to say about these churches that their comparative scarcity does not matter. And Mr. Bumpus does not only lead us by the hand—we go very willingly—to examine picturesque bell-turrets and polychromy and vestments; he discourses on State and Church (though he does not seem to mention the curious system which prevails in Sweden, at any rate, of the text for the Sunday's sermon being fixed by the Government and acted on in the established churches), he dwells on the different ways in which Catholicism was set aside, and gives interesting examples, from his experience, of how some parts of it have survived. Perhaps the author might have entered with more detail into the old wooden churches of Norway: the carvings at Urnæs are very remarkable and so are certain of the customs, such as that which finds favour with some parishioners if their shepherd is removed for insufficient austerity—at all events in the south-west of Norway it happened that they built him another church at their own expense. But Mr. Bumpus has written a fascinating and important book.

NATURE POEMS AND OTHERS. By William H. Davies. 1s. net. (A. C. Fifield.)

Mr. Davies lacked no gifts of the lyric poet except energy and melody, and the best things in his "Soul's

At Witley.

From "Highways and Byways in Surrey." (Macmillan.)

Destroyer" and "New Poems" could not be surpassed for power, simplicity, tenderness, or, if need were, bitterness. He seemed too simple a man to belong to this age and country at all. His style, almost without epithets, always lucid, straightforward, without extraordinary words or constructions, and handling nothing but what was perfectly intelligible, seemed a hundred years at least too late. But, whatever he has done before, except "The Lodging-house Fire," is surpassed by "Nature Poems and Others." Not only are the best things exquisitely felicitous, but the general level is very high. In fact there are very few men writing short poems to-day who could be mentioned with the same breath as Mr. Davies—Mr. Bridges, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Yeats, not many more. His ear has improved, and most of the lines are of a delicious ease, and there are fewer uncertainties in the expression. We cannot, indeed, imagine that he can, or that any other man can, get beyond the best things in this book. One of the finest begins:

"I had a sweet companion once,
And in the meadows we did roam;
And in the one-star night returned
Together home. . . ."

Another:

"Now I can see what Helen was. . . ."

Another:

"Her cheeks were white, her eyes were wild,
Her heart was with her sea-gone child. . . ."

But we have space only to quote "The Daisy":

"I know not why thy beauty should
Remind me of the cold, dark grave—
Thou Flower, as fair as Moonlight, when
She kissed the mouth of a black Cave.

"All other Flowers can coax the Bees,
All other Flowers are sought but thee:
Dost thou remind them all of Death,
Sweet Flower, as thou remindest me?

"Thou seemest like a blessed ghost,
So white, so cold, though crowned with gold;
Among these glazèd Buttercups,
And purple Thistles, rough and bold.

"When I am dead, nor thought of more,
Out of all human memory—
Grow you on my forsaken grave,
And win for me a stranger's sigh.

"A day or two the lilies fade;
A month, aye less, no friends are seen:
Then, claimant to forgotten graves,
Share my last place with the wild green."

It should not be necessary to point out that in writing like this there is a spirit which no amount of learning, wisdom, experience, or taking-pains can ever compass or appear to compass. We mean the spirit of poetry.

THE GREAT ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS.
By William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

These are the first two volumes in "The Reader's Library" that is appearing under the general editorship of W. J. and C. W. Dawson. The purpose of the "Library" is to present a succinct survey of English literature by grouping under generic titles the best specimens of its various branches, and in the present volumes the selections are so arranged as to illustrate the growth of the art of letter-writing. The first section, under the heading of "Tribulations of Genius," includes letters from Goldsmith, Crabbe, Coleridge, Lamb, Charlotte Brontë, and the Carlyles, all written in circumstances of financial or domestic distress; the section entitled "Portraits" contains some of the most characteristic letters of Pope, Cowper, Lamb, Haydon, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Thackeray, Dickens, and others; the "Journal-Letters," the letters "Criticising the Critics," and those embodying "Literary Verdicts" are no less admirably chosen. Perhaps the series that most readers will go back to oftenest is that on "Bygone Lovers," which, amongst others, gives some of those wonderful letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne, and the letters Severn wrote from Rome in the room where Keats lay dying—surely some of the saddest, most pathetic ever written, and revealing one of the most beautiful of all literary friendships. The first volume opens with a full and excellent essay on "The Development of English Letter-Writing," which is supplemented in the second volume by a thoughtful survey of "The Art and Attainment of English Letter-Writing." The books are very tastefully produced, and the editors are to be congratulated on the way they have carried out their intention in them of at once interesting the general reader and serving the literary student.

THE TALES AND POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.
6 vols. 21s. net. (Putnam's.)

The recent celebration of his hundredth birthday has proved—if proof were needed—that Poe's popularity is unfailing, and among the many editions of his works that the Centenary has brought into demand none is more adequately produced than is this of the poems and stories. The volume of poems includes Poe's subtle essays on "The Purpose of Poetry," "The Poetic Principle," "The Rationale of Verse," and "The Philosophy of Composition"; the five others give all his tales—the dozen that are famous, and the three or four dozen that are of lesser note, though each is alive with some touch of his peculiar genius. In the matter of size and print and binding the books are just what they should be; they are good to look at and light in the hand; and the numerous illustrations of Mr. F. S. Coburn are by turns charming and eerie and grimly humorous and grotesquely or beautifully weird—they are strong and delicate in line and as finely imaginative as are the tales and poems themselves.

Dreamland.

"Where an Eidolon named Night
On a black throne reigns upright."
From "The Works of E. A. Poe." (Putnam's.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

Patricia Baring, by Winifred James (6s.), begins in a distinguished style with the self-revealing diary of a little girl—an impulsive, emotional little girl, one with strong affections and well-defined opinions. As is but natural, the story becomes at times very poignant, but, though its style continues to be at times distinguished, it flags in parts and its author becomes rather over-introspective; her views are clear and good, but she is too much in one groove. The little Australian heroine is very attractive, however, and her sufferings at the hands of man compel the sympathies of the reader. But we could have spared one of the episodes.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

A book which will amuse a number of readers is **Dan to Beersheba,** by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun (8s. 6d. net). Mr. Colquhoun may fairly be called a man of cosmopolitan ideas. He is of the right stuff to mix with other peoples; and he has a memory and a pleasant style of recounting his experiences. In this volume an interesting Introduction leads on to a full and "gossipy" narration full of life and colour, of work and travel in India, China, Africa, and America. The author has seen and done big things; he also remembers little ones, and this makes his book the varied—and shall we say egotistical?—narrative which it is.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Mr. Duncan Cross, in his book, **Choosing a Career** (2s. 6d. net), really gives some very definite information as to what each career needs in the matter of suitability and training, and tells a would-be "success" how to find out about suitability, where to get the training, and how much he will have to pay for it. Mr. Cross covers a great deal of ground, or, rather, he deals with a great number of occupations, and if his information is necessarily limited, it is very pertinent, and his book deserves to be studied.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

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